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THE BOYHOOD OF THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

BY WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

A GOOD many years ago now, a small, bare-legged boy set out from his home in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, for an afternoon's sport with a gun. He rambled along, as boys will, with his eyes wide open for everything that came under them, as well as for the game that was the special object of his expedition, and he had not gone far when he saw a chaise approaching, driven by the Governor of the State.

The Governor was a very popular and distinguished man, who was being talked of for the Presidency, and we should not have liked the small boy if he had not been a little overawed by finding himself alone in the presence of so august a personage. He was equal to the occasion, however, and as the chaise reached him, he stood aside to let it pass and gravely presented arms. The Governor at once pulled up his horse and looked with amusement at the little fellow standing there as serious as a sentry, with his gun held rigidly before him.

"What is your name?" said the Governor.

"Thomas Bailey Aldrich," replied the boy, with a military salute.

He was invited into the chaise, and though he lost his shooting, what was that in comparison with the distinction of riding into Portsmouth Town with Governor Woodbury?

This was forty years ago, and since then Thomas Bailey Aldrich has earned a place among the fore-

most of American authors by a series of books, some in prose and some in verse, which are distinguished by the purity of their tone, the refinement of their style, and the picturesqueness of their invention. One of them is called "The Story of a Bad Boy," and except that some of the names of persons and places are changed, it is so faithful a picture of the author's boyhood that it might be called an autobiography. If any one has not read that book I advise him to do so at once; and when he has finished it, he will, I think, be ready to thank me for introducing it to him.

"Not such a very bad boy, but a pretty bad boy," the author says of himself. A pretty good boy we should call him—a boy who would do nothing mean, cruel, or vulgar, though he was as ready for mischief as any of his playfellows.

Portsmouth was just the place for such a boy. It is a quaint old town by the sea, full of quaint old homesteads, as you have been told in a recent number of ST. NICHOLAS. It is built at the mouth of the Piscataqua river, and may be said to have been founded by Captain John Smith, the famous adventurer, who, after slaying Turks in hand-to-hand combats, and doing all sorts of doughty deeds in various parts of the globe, visited the coast of New Hampshire in 1612, and recommended this as the site of a future seaport.

Time was when Portsmouth carried on a great trade with the West Indies and threatened to

eclipse both Boston and New York; it turned out the best ships and the smartest sailors, and in the war of 1812 it equipped many a daring privateer. But its prosperity slipped away from it, and all the old wharves are now deserted, though when the sun shines upon them it brings out a vague perfume of the cargoes of rum, molasses, and spice that used to be piled upon them.

What boy wandering along wharves like these, and hearing from superannuated sailors of the former glories of the place, would not long to go to sea? There were few boys in Rivermouth, as it is called in "The Story of a Bad Boy," who had not this ambition; and early in life Aldrich began the study of navigation, though he was not destined to use his knowledge in picking paths across the sea by the aid of the sun and stars.

The wharves were not the only stimulus to the spirit of romance in this old town. In the shady streets were historic houses in which Washington, Lafayette, and the King of the French had been entertained; the ghosts of former greatness seemed to haunt them; dark wainscot stood high against the walls; strange carvings with winged heads clustered about the doors; shadowy portraits of bewigged gentlemen and furbelowed dames, each with some legend attached to it, hung from the moldings, and winding stairways led into mysterious chambers under the roofs. It seems to me that an imaginative boy brought up amid such surroundings was bound to become either a sailor or an author,—that he would either yield to the fascinations of the wharves and go to sea, or stay ashore to write the stories and the poems which would be sure to come into his head in the presence of these relics of a historic past.

In one of those old houses which still stand in Court street, where it is now used as a hospital, Aldrich was born, just forty-nine years ago; that is, in 1837. His father was a merchant and banker who had opened a business in New Orleans, and it was the custom of his parents to keep the boy, who was their only child, with them in the South during the winter, and to send him back to Portsmouth for the summer. These visits were continued until he reached the age of thirteen, when he returned to Portsmouth to remain there for several years, and it was in this old town that all which was most memorable in his boyhood occurred.

He was a rather slender little fellow, but sound and vigorous, and ever ready for either sport or mischief. As many mishaps befell him as usually fall to the lot of a high-spirited and adventurous boy. He could defend himself from imposition, and he was expert in the various games which occupied his comrades. He was not a prodigy in

any way; not marvelous either for his scholarship or his promise of future distinction. But he was very fond of reading, and spent many hours in a delightful old attic, where he found a lot of old books, among others being "Robinson Crusoe," "Baron Trenck," "Don Quixote," "The Arabian Nights," Defoe's "History of the Plague in London," and "Tristram Shandy." Of all these, Defoe's "History of the Plague" was his favorite.

Like all attics in old New England houses, this one was the receptacle of all kinds of rubbish,— "They never throw anything away in New England," Aldrich said to me one day, "they always put it up in the attic,"—and here were cast-off clothing, legless chairs, crazy tables, and all sorts of things which times and changes in fashions had rendered useless.

Among the rest was an old hide-covered trunk; and seeing how little hair was left on it, Thomas Bailey thought he would attempt to restore it. He had seen in the window of a barber's shop a preparation which was highly recommended as a sure cure for baldness, and he purchased a bottle of this and carefully applied it to the trunk. Then he went upstairs from day to day to watch the effect, but the result was not satisfactory; the trunk remained as bald as ever, and Thomas Bailey felt that he had wasted his money.

The first school he went to was Dame Bagley's, and from what he has told me of her, I shall always think of her as a character who ought to have belonged to one of Hawthorne's romances. She was a severe and angular person, who had a peculiar method of punishing her pupils. She constantly wore on the second finger of her right hand an uncommonly heavy thimble, and with this she would sharply rap the offender on the head. "Thomas Bailey, come here." Tap, tap, tap, tap! It does not seem like a severe penalty; but she brought her finger down with such force, that the culprit often felt that it was going right through him.

The boy was not very happy with Dame Bagley, whose school was a dreary, uncomfortable place; the yard was bricked, and just one brick had been lifted out to allow a solitary cucumber vine to spring up; this was what Dame Bagley would probably have called "a richly wooded landscape." And then the benches in the schoolroom were too high for his legs. His feet could not reach the floor, and his back would grow so tired that sometimes he threw himself backward upon the floor in sheer desperation.

It was an altogether pleasant change when he left Dame Bagley's and became enrolled as a pupil at the Temple School.

The Temple School is constantly referred to in

"The Story of a Bad Boy" as the Temple Grammar School, and nearly everything which relates to the latter is true of the former, so that the reader can get a better idea of Aldrich's boyhood from that book than I can give him here. The mad pranks of the boys when he was initiated as a member of the Rivermouth Centipedes; the fight on Slatter's Hill, that Gettysburg of snowballs; the burning of the stage-coach — all the adventures were described from real life. There is a wonderful pony in the book, and the pony is from real life, too. According to the story, the Temple Grammar School was burned down one Fourth of July by a fire-cracker that flew in through a window. This was fiction at the time the book was published; but five years afterward, as if to make the chronicle veracious in every particular, the school was burned in just that way.

To my mind, one of the earliest signs Aldrich gave of his literary bent was his distaste for figures; arithmetic staggered him, and he confesses that he often had to seek help from his school-fellows. This was very wrong, of course, and the only excuse I can think of may not be regarded as an excuse at all, but rather as an aggravation of the offense. In return for the help he received in arithmetic, he revised the compositions of the class, and even went so far as entirely to write

the essays of the boys who, though clever enough at figures, had no talent for literary exercises.

Before he reached the age of twelve, he had written a story called "Colenzo." It was about pirates and buccaneers, and the scene was on a tropical island which was supposed to lie somewhere out at sea, about seven miles from Portsmouth. Then he wrote articles for one of the local papers, and to these utterances of precocious wisdom he signed the *nom de plume*, "Experience."

At sixteen, his school days came to an end, and his father having died, he was sent to New York to become a clerk in his uncle's office. But day-books and ledgers had no more charm for him than elementary arithmetic, and by the time he reached twenty, he had broken loose from the counting-room and won a recognized place for himself among the most original of American authors. Fourteen books now stand to his credit, stories that linger in the mind like memories of sunny days, and poems that have the polish and brilliance of diamonds. Portsmouth, sometimes with its own name, sometimes as Rivermouth, is revived again and again in them, and in some charming verses he has celebrated his days on the Piscataqua, which were among the happiest, no doubt, that he has ever seen.

PISCATAQUA RIVER.*

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

THOU singest by the gleaming isles,
By woods, and fields of corn,
Thou singest, and the sunlight smiles
Upon my birthday morn.

But I within a city, I,
So full of vague unrest,
Would almost give my life to lie
An hour upon thy breast!

To let the wherry listless go,
And, wrapt in dreamy joy,
Dip, and surge idly to and fro,
Like the red harbor-buoy;

To sit in happy indolence,
To rest upon the oars,
And catch the heavy earthy scents
That blow from summer shores;

To see the rounded sun go down,
And with its parting fires
Light up the windows of the town
And burn the tapering spires;

And then to hear the muffled tolls
From steeples slim and white,
And watch, among the Isles of Shoals,
The Beacon's orange light.

O River! flowing to the main
Through woods, and fields of corn,
Hear thou my longing and my pain,
This sunny birthday morn;

And take this song which sorrow shapes
To music like thine own,
And sing it to the cliffs and capes
And crags where I am known!

* Reprinted from "The Poems of Thomas Bailey Aldrich," by kind permission of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

HISTORIC GIRLS.*

BY E. S. BROOKS.



COUNT WILLIAM OF HAINAULT, of Zealand and Friesland, Duke of Bavaria, and Sovereign Lord of Holland, held his court in the great, straggling castle which he called his "hunting

lodge," near to the German Ocean, and since known by the name of "The Hague."†

Count William was a gallant and courtly knight, learned in all the ways of chivalry, the model of the

younger cavaliers, handsome in person, noble in bearing, the surest lance in the tilting-yard, and the stoutest arm in the foray.

Like "Jephtha, Judge of Israel," of whom the mock-mad Hamlet sang to Polonius, Count William had

"One fair daughter, and no more,
The which he loved passing well";

and, truth to tell, this fair young Jacqueline, the little "Lady of Holland," as men called her,—but whom Count William, because of her fearless

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† "The Hague" is a contraction of the Dutch *Gravenhage*—the *haag*, or "hunting lodge," of the *Graf*, or count.

antics and boyish ways, called "Dame Jacob,"*—loved her knightly father with equal fervor.

As she sat, that day, in the Great Hall of the Knights in the massive castle at The Hague, she could see, among all the knights and nobles who came from far and near to join in the festivities at Count William's court, not one that approached her father in nobility of bearing or manly strength—not even her husband.

Her husband? Yes. For this little maid of thirteen had been for eight years the wife of the Dauphin of France, the young Prince John of Touraine, to whom she had been married when she was scarce five years old and he barely nine. Surrounded by all the pomp of an age of glitter and display, these royal children lived in their beautiful castle of Quesnoy, in Flanders,† when they were not, as at the time of our story, residents at the court of the powerful Count William of Holland.

Other young people were there too,—nobles and pages and little ladies-in-waiting; and there was much of the stately ceremonial and flowery talk that in those days of knighthood clothed alike the fears of cowards and the desires of heroes. For there have always been heroes and cowards in the world.

And so, between all these young folk, there was much boastful talk and much harmless gossip: how the little Lady of Courtrai had used the wrong corner of the towel yesterday; how the fat Duchess of Enkhuysen had violated the laws of all etiquette by placing the wrong number of finger-bowls upon her table on St. Jacob's Day; and how the stout young Hubert of Malsen had scattered the rascal merchants of Dort at their Shrovetide fair.

Then uprose the young Lord of Arkell.

"Hold, there!" he cried hotly. "This Hubert of Malsen is but a craven, sirs, if he doth say the merchants of Dort are rascal cowards. Had they been fairly mated, he had no more dared to put his nose within the gates of Dort than dare one of you here to go down yonder amid Count William's lions!"

"Have a care, friend Otto," said the little Lady of Holland, with warning finger; "there is one here, at least, who dareth to go amid the lions—my father, sir."

"I said nothing of him, madam," replied Count Otto. "I did mean these young red hats here, who do no more dare to bait your father's lions than to face the Cods of Dort in fair and equal fight."

At this bold speech there was instant commotion. For the nobles and merchants of Holland, four centuries and a half ago, were at open strife

with one another. The nobles saw in the increasing prosperity of the merchants the end of their own feudal power and tyranny. The merchants recognized in the arrogant nobles the only bar to the growth of Holland's commercial enterprise. So each faction had its leaders, its partisans, its badges, and its followers. Many and bloody were the feuds and fights that raged through all those low-lying lands of Holland, as the nobles, or "Hooks," as they were called—distinguishable by their big red hats—and the merchants, or "Cods," with their slouch hats of quiet gray, struggled for the lead in the State. And how they *did* hate one another!

Certain of the younger nobles, however, who were opposed to the reigning house of Holland, of which Count William, young Jacqueline's father, was the head, had espoused the cause of the merchants, seeing in their success greater prosperity and wealth for Holland. Among these had been the young Lord of Arkell, now a sort of half prisoner at Count William's court because of certain bold attempts to favor the Cods in his own castle of Arkell. His defiant words therefore raised a storm of protests.

"Nay, then, Lord of Arkell," said the Dauphin John, "you, who prate so loudly, would better prove your words by some sign of your own valor. You may have dared fight your lady mother, who so roundly punished you therefor, but a lion hath not the tender ways of a woman. Face *you* the lions, lord count, and I will warrant me they will not prove as forbearing as did she."

It was common talk at Count William's court that the brave Lady of Arkell, mother of the Count Otto, had made her way, disguised, into the castle of her son, had herself lowered the drawbridge, admitted her armed retainers, overpowered and driven out her rebellious son; and that then, relenting, she had appealed to Count William to pardon the lad and to receive him at court as hostage for his own fealty. So this fling of the Dauphin's cut deep.

But before the young Otto could return an angry answer, Jacqueline had interfered.

"Nay, nay, my lord," she said to her husband, the Dauphin; "'t is not a knightly act thus to impeach the honor of a noble guest."

But now the Lord of Arkell had found his tongue.

"My lord prince," he said, bowing low with stately courtesy, "if, as my lady mother and good Count William would force me, I am to be loyal vassal to you, my lieges here, I should but follow where you dare to lead. Go *you* into the lions' den, lord prince, and I will follow you, though it were into old Hercules' very teeth."

* *Jacqueline* is the French rendering of the Dutch *Jacobine*—the feminine of *Jakob*, or James. † Now northeastern France.

It was a shrewd reply, and covered as good a "double dare" as ever one boy made to another. Some of the manlier of the young courtiers indeed even dared applaud. But the Dauphin John was stronger in tongue than in heart.

"*Peste!*" he cried contemptuously. "'T is a fool's answer and a fool's will. And well shall we see now how you will sneak out of it all. See, Lord of Arkell, you who can prate so loudly of Cods and lions: here before all, I dare you to face Count William's lions yourself!"

The young Lord of Arkell was in his rich court suit—a tight-fitting, great-sleeved silk jacket, rich, violet *chausses*, or tights, and pointed shoes. But, without a word, with scarce a look toward his challenger, he turned to his nearest neighbor, a brave Zealand lad, afterward noted in Dutch history—Francis von Borselen.

"Lend me your gabardine, friend Franz, will you not?" he said.

The young von Borselen took from the back of the settle, over which it was flung, his gabardine—the long, loose gray cloak that was a sort of overcoat in those days of queer costume.

"It is here, my Otto," he said.

The Lord of Arkell drew the loose gray cloak over his rich silk suit, and turned toward the door.

"Otto von Arkell lets no one call him fool or coward, lord prince," he said. "What I have dared you all to do, I dare do, if you do not. See, now: I will face Count William's lions!"

The Princess Jacqueline sprang up in protest.

"No, no; you shall not!" she cried. "My lord prince did but jest, as did we all. John," she said, turning appealingly to her young husband, who sat sullen and unmoved, "tell him you meant no such murderous test. My father!" she cried, turning now toward Count William, whose attention had been drawn to the dispute, "the Lord of Arkell is pledged to face your lions!"

Count William of Holland dearly loved pluck and nerve.

"Well, daughter mine," he said, "then will he keep his pledge. Friend Otto is a brave young gallant, else had he never dared raise spear and banner, as he did, against his rightful liege."

"But, my father," persisted the gentle-hearted girl, "spear and banner are not lions' jaws. And surely you may not in honor permit the willful murder of a hostage."

"Nay, madam, have no fear," the Lord of Arkell said, bending in courteous recognition of her interest; "that which I do of mine own free will is no murder, even should it fail."

And he hastened from the hall.

A raised gallery looked down into the spacious inclosure in which Count William kept the living

specimens of his own princely badge of the lion. And here the company gathered to see the sport.

With the gray gabardine drawn but loosely over his silken suit, so that he might, if need be, easily slip from it, Otto von Arkell boldly entered the inclosure.

"Soho, Juno! up, Hercules; hollo, up, Ajax!" cried Count William, from the balcony. "Here cometh a right royal playfellow—up, up, my beauties!" and the great brutes, roused by the voice of their master, pulled themselves up, shook themselves awake, and stared at the intruder.

Boldly and without hesitation, while all the watchers had eyes but for him alone, the young Lord of Arkell walked straight up to Hercules, the largest of the three, and laid his hand caressingly upon the shaggy mane. Close to his side pressed Juno, the lioness, and, so says the record of the old Dutch chronicler, von Hildegaersberch, "the lions did him no harm; he played with them as if they had been dogs."

But Ajax, fiercest of the three, took no notice of the lad. Straight across his comrades he looked to where, scarce a rod behind the daring lad, came another figure, a light and graceful form in clinging robes of blue and undergown of cloth-of-gold—the Princess Jacqueline herself!

The watchers in the gallery followed the lion's stare, and saw, with horror, the advancing figure of this fair young girl. A cry of terror broke from every lip. The Dauphin John turned pale with fright, and Count William of Holland, calling out, "Down, Ajax! back, girl, back!" sprang to his feet as if he would have vaulted over the gallery rail.

But before he could act, Ajax himself had acted. With a bound he cleared the intervening space and crouched at the feet of the fair young Princess Jacqueline!

The lions must have been in remarkably good humor on that day, for, as the records tell us, they did no harm to their visitors. Ajax slowly rose and looked up into the girl's calm face. Then the voice of Jacqueline rang out fresh and clear as, standing with her hand buried in the lion's tawny mane, she raised her face to the startled galleries.

"You who could dare and yet dared not to do!" she cried, "it shall not be said that in all Count William's court none save the rebel Lord of Arkell dared to face Count William's lions!"

The Lord of Arkell sprang to his comrade's side. With a hurried word of praise he flung the gabardine about her, grasped her arm, and bade her keep her eyes firmly fixed upon the lions; then, step by step, those two foolhardy young persons backed slowly out of the danger into which they

had so thoughtlessly and unnecessarily forced themselves.

The lions' gate closed behind them with a clang; the shouts of approval and of welcome sounded from the thronging gallery, and over all they heard the voice of the Lord of Holland mingling commendation and praise with censure for the rashness of their action.

And it *was* a rash and foolish act. But we must remember that those were days when such feats were esteemed as brave and valorous. For the Princess Jacqueline of Holland was reared in the school of so-called chivalry and romance, which in her time was fast approaching its end. She was, indeed, as one historian declares, the last heroine of knighthood. Her very titles suggest the days of chivalry. She was Daughter of Holland, Countess of Ponthieu, Duchess of Berry, Lady of Creveœur, of Montague and Arlœux. Brought up in the midst of tilts and tournaments, of banquets and feasting, and all the lavish display of the rich Bavarian court, she was, as we learn from her chroniclers, the leader of adoring knights and vassals, the idol of her parents, the ruler of her soft-hearted boy husband, an expert falconer, a daring horsewoman, and a fearless descendant of those woman warriors of her race, Margaret the Empress and Philippa the Queen, and of a house that traced its descent through the warlike Hohenstaufens back to Charlemagne himself.

All girls admire bravery, even though not themselves personally courageous. It is not, therefore, surprising that this intrepid and romance-reared young princess, the wife of a lad for whom she never especially cared, and whose society had for political reasons been forced upon her, should have placed as the hero of her admiration, next to her own fearless father, not the Dauphin John of France, but this brave young rebel lad, Otto, the Lord of Arkell.

But the joyous days of fête and pleasure at Quesnoy, at Paris, and The Hague were fast drawing to a close. On the fourth of April, 1417, the Dauphin John died by poisoning, in his father's castle at Compiègne — the victim of those terrible and relentless feuds that were then disgracing and endangering the feeble throne of France.

The dream of future power and greatness as Queen of France, in which the girl wife of the Dauphin had often indulged, was thus rudely dispelled, and Jacqueline returned to her father's court in Holland, no longer crown-princess and heiress to a throne, but simply "Lady of Holland."

But in Holland, too, sorrow was in store for her. Swiftly following the loss of her husband, the Dauphin, came the still heavier blow of her father's death. On the thirtieth of May, 1417,

Count William died in his castle of Bouchain, in Hainault, and his sorrowing daughter Jacqueline, now a beautiful girl of sixteen, succeeded to his titles and lordship as Countess and Lady Supreme of Hainault, of Holland, and of Zealand.

For years, however, there had been throughout the Low Countries a strong objection to the rule of a woman. The death of Count William showed the Cods a way toward greater liberty. Rebellion followed rebellion, and the rule of the Countess Jacqueline was by no means a restful one.

And chief among the rebellious spirits, as leader and counselor among the Cods, appeared the brave lad who had once been the companion of the princess in danger, the young Lord of Arkell.

It was he who lifted the standard of revolt against her regency. Placing the welfare of Holland above personal friendship, and sinking, in his desire for glory, even the chivalry of that day, which should have prompted him to aid rather than annoy this beautiful girl, he raised a considerable army among the knights of the Cods, or liberal party, and the warlike merchants of the cities, took possession of many strong positions in Holland, and occupied, among other places, the important town of Gorkum on the Maas. The stout citadel of the town was, however, garrisoned with loyal troops. This the Lord of Arkell besieged, and, demanding its surrender, sent also a haughty challenge to the young countess, who was hastening to the relief of her beleaguered town.

Jacqueline's answer was swift and unmistakable. With three hundred ships and six thousand knights and men-at-arms, she sailed from the old harbor of Rotterdam, and the lion-flag of her house soon floated above the loyal citadel of Gorkum.

Her doughty Dutch general, von Brederode, counseled immediate attack, but the girl countess, though full of enthusiasm and determination, hesitated.

From her station in the citadel she looked over the scene before her. Here, along the low banks of the river Maas, stretched the camp of her own followers, and the little gayly colored boats that had brought her army up the river from the red roofs of Rotterdam. There, stretching out into the flat country beyond the straggling streets of Gorkum, lay the tents of the rebels. And yet they were all her countrymen,—rebels and retainers alike. Hollanders all, they were ever ready to combine for the defense of their homeland when threatened by foreign foes or by the destroying ocean floods.

Jacqueline's eye caught the flutter of the broad banner of the house of Arkell that waved over the rebel camp.

Again she saw the brave lad who alone of all

her father's court, save she, had dared to face Count William's lions; again the remembrance of how his daring had made him one of her heroes, filled her heart, and a dream of what might be possessed her. Her boy husband, the French Dauphin, was dead, and she was pledged by her dying father's command to marry her cousin, whom she detested, Duke John of Brabant. But how much better, so she reasoned, that the name and might of her house as rulers of Holland should be upheld by a brave and fearless knight. On the impulse of this thought, she summoned a loyal and trusted vassal to her aid.

"Von Leyenburg," she said, "go you in haste and in secret to the Lord of Arkell, and bear from me this message for his ear alone. Thus says the Lady of Holland: 'Were it not better, Otto of Arkell, that we join hands in marriage before the altar than that we spill the blood of faithful followers and vassals in cruel fight?'"

It was a singular, and perhaps, to our modern ears, a most unladylike proposal; but it shows how, even in the heart of a sovereign countess and a girl general, warlike desires may give place to gentler thoughts.

To the Lord Arkell, however, this unexpected proposition came as an indication of weakness.

"My lady countess fears to face my determined followers," he thought. "Let me but force this fight and the victory is mine. In that is greater glory and more of power than in being husband to the Lady of Holland."

And so he returned a most ungracious answer:

"Tell the Countess Jacqueline," he said to the knight of Leyenburg, "that the honor of her hand I can not accept. I am her foe, and would rather die than marry her."

All the hot blood of her ancestors flamed in wrath as young Jacqueline heard this reply of the rebel lord.

"Crush ye these rebel curs, von Brederode," she cried, pointing to the banner of Arkell; "for, by my father's memory, they shall have neither mercy nor life from me."

Fast upon the curt refusal of the Lord of Arkell came his message of defiance.

"Hear ye, Countess of Holland," rang out the challenge of the herald of Arkell, as his trumpet-blast sounded before the gate of the citadel, "the free Lord of Arkell here giveth you word and warning that he will fight against you on the morrow!"

And from the citadel came back this ringing reply, as the knight of Leyenburg made answer for his sovereign lady:

"Hear ye, sir Herald, and answer thus to the rebel Lord of Arkell: for the purpose of fighting him came we here, and fight him we will, until he

and his rebels are beaten and dead. Long live our Sovereign Lady of Holland!"

On the morrow, a murky December day, in the year 1417, the battle was joined, as announced. On the low plain beyond the city, knights and men-at-arms, archers and spearmen, closed in the shock of battle, and a stubborn and bloody fight it was.

Seven times did the knights of Jacqueline, glittering in their steel armor, clash into the rebel ranks; seven times were they driven back, until, at last, the Lord of Arkell, with a fiery charge, forced them against the very gates of the citadel. The brave von Brederode fell pierced with wounds, and the day seemed lost, indeed, to the Lady of Holland.

Then Jacqueline the Countess, seeing her cause in danger,—like another Joan of Arc, though she was indeed a younger and much more beautiful girl general,—seized the lion-banner of her house, and, at the head of her reserve troops, charged through the open gate straight into the ranks of her victorious foes. There was neither mercy nor gentleness in her heart then. As when she had cowed with a look Ajax, the lion, so now, with defiance and wrath in her face, she dashed straight at the foe.

Her disheartened knights rallied around her, and, following the impetuous girl, they wielded ax and lance for the final struggle. The result came quickly. The ponderous battle-ax of the knight of Leyenburg crashed through the helmet of the Lord of Arkell, and as the brave young leader fell to the ground, his panic-stricken followers turned and fled. The troops of Jacqueline pursued them through the streets of Gorkum and out into the open country, and the vengeance of the Countess was sharp and merciless.

But in the flush of victory wrath gave way to pity again, and the young conqueror is reported to have said, sadly and in tears:

"Ah! I have won, and yet how have I lost!"

But the knights and nobles who followed her banner loudly praised her valor and her fearlessness, and their highest and most knightly vow thereafter was to swear "By the courage of our Princess."

The brilliant victory of this girl of sixteen was not, however, to accomplish her desires. Peace never came to her. Harassed by rebellion at home, and persecuted by her relentless and perfidious uncles, Count John of Bavaria, rightly called "the Pitiless," and Duke Philip of Burgundy, falsely called "the Good," she, who had once been Crown Princess of France and Lady of Holland, died at the early age of thirty-six, stripped of all her titles and estates. It is, however, pleasant to think that she was happy, in the love of her

husband, the baron of the forests of the Duke of Burgundy, a plain Dutch gentleman, Francis von Borselen, the lad who, years before, had furnished the gray gabardine that had shielded Count William's daughter from her father's lions.

The story of Jacqueline of Holland is one of the most romantic that has come down to us from those romantic days of the knights. Happy only in her earliest and latest years, she is, nevertheless, a bright and attractive figure against the dark background of feudal tyranny and crime. The story of her womanhood should indeed be told, if we would study her life as a whole; but for us, who can in this paper deal only with her romantic girlhood, her young life is to be taken as a

type of the stirring and extravagant days of chivalry.

And we can not but think with sadness upon the power for good that she might have been in her land of fogs and floods if, instead of being made the tool of party hate and the ambitions of men, her frank and fearless girl nature had been trained to gentle ways and charitable deeds.

To be "the most picturesque figure in the history of Holland," as she has been called, is distinction indeed; but higher still must surely be that gentleness of character and nobility of soul that, in these days of ours, may be acquired by every girl and boy who reads this romantic story of the Countess Jacqueline, the fair young Lady of Holland.



PIN-WHEEL TIME.



THE TURTLE'S STORY.

BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK.



I AM a land-turtle with dark brown shell. I weigh about five pounds, and I acknowledge myself to be a very lazy, good-for-nothing turtle. Perhaps I ought to call myself a tortoise and be dignified; but I don't take myself as seriously as most unimportant people do, and, therefore, "turtle" is title enough for me.

I often think I am very unfortunate in being a turtle, because I am constantly being picked up and carried home by boys. A bird can fly away, and a rabbit can run away,—even from a boy,—but I can not. If the boy sees me, I am lost—I mean found. Most people think I am well off because I live in a hard shell. Yet of what use is a shell, after I am caught? I should greatly prefer wings or fleetness of foot. A shell may be very nice; but when a squirrel, we'll say, has escaped from the clutches of a boy, I don't believe that squirrel sits down and cries because he is not covered with a shell. If I wish to go through a crevice on my travels, and am too wide for it, I can't squeeze through, but have to go and find one that fits me, or change my course.

One day a little boy named Geoffrey Wood caught me as I was going across a garden path. I know his name, because he asked a comrade how it would look cut on my under shell with a jack-knife.

The comrade thought it would improve my general appearance; accordingly, I was placed on my back in the boy's lap and wedged between his knees, while he did the carving. I was very much afraid, while the operation was going on, that the knife might slip, and cut off one of my feet. A dog may be happy on three legs, or a soldier on one, but it is different with a turtle. With a foot off, I should be fit only for a paper-weight.

After the boy had cut the G., he thought he did not pine for so rich a harvest of blisters on his fingers as his entire name would have yielded; so he simply cut his initials on me, and stuffed me into his coat-pocket, with his knife, a fish-line, a top, and some shoemaker's wax.

When he reached the house, I was put on the floor to walk, but I kept well within my shell. Then he put me in the bath-tub, and turned on the water. This obliged me to come out in order to save myself from a watery grave. My fright and consternation caused Geoffrey and his friend to shout with delight, and I longed to be turned into a snapping-turtle and get just one chance at them!

Then Geoffrey's sister came along and rescued me. She said it would be a good idea to boil me out of my shell, and use the latter for a sugar-scoop. I shut up for reflection. But she turned me over, and saw the G. W. cut upon my shell. She immediately concluded that I had at one time been the private pet of George Washington, and was, therefore, too valuable as an antiquity to be boiled. In her excitement, she put me on the back steps, while she went in to look for her patriotic father; and I lost no time in getting out of the way.

But on the very next morning, I was picked up again; this time by a little boy in frocks, who hitched me to a toy wagon with cord.

I did not mind this very much, because I was not hurt nor roughly handled. I managed to crawl under a fence when the boy was not looking, and I was traveling off as fast as possible, when I was suddenly stopped by the wagon, which was too large to follow me. I was recovered, taken into the house, wrapped up in a piece of cloth, and put on a shelf.

The boy's father, having heard him call me a land oyster, on account of my shell, took me off the shelf and told him all about me, referring occasionally to a book. Then he spoke my name in Latin, and gave a general history of me, using very high-sounding words. I admit that I felt

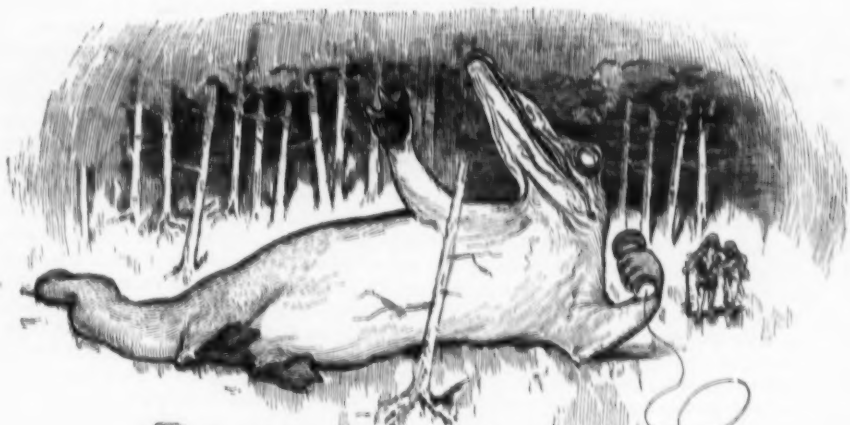
much larger than usual. I felt, in fact, like coming out of my shell.

But, may I be converted into combs, paper-knives, breast-pins, and watch-chains if I can understand how the man that wrote that book ever found out so much about me, unless he was once a turtle himself, which I scarcely believe.

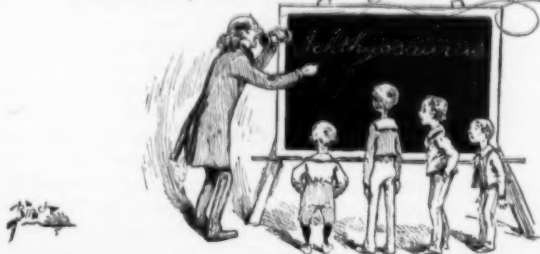
Here I am again, dragging the toy wagon about

all loaded with dolls, tops, and things. Now, while the little boy is not looking, I will bite the string. Once more I am a free turtle, and away I go for yonder currant-bush!

I am there, and the boy can't find me. I will wait till dark, and plunge into yonder wood, and never leave it. If ever I do, may I, as I just said, be converted into tortoise-shell combs, tortoise-shell bracelets, and tortoise-shell cats!



There once was an Ichthyosaurus,
Who lived when the earth was all porous,
But he fainted with shame
When he first heard his name,
And departed a long time before us



JUAN AND JUANITA.

BY FRANCES COURTENAY BAYLOR.

CHAPTER V.

WHEN the two weary starvelings had partaken as freely of their ambrosial repast, of broiled fish as they dared after so long a fast, their one thought was a place in which to rest. This Juan undertook to select, although, as he limped off into the woods, he could scarcely drag one foot after another.

If he had been alone, he could not have resisted the temptation to sink down anywhere, so painful was any further effort; but he had Nita to consider, and her comfort and safety required that he should reconnoiter the immediate neighborhood and choose some sheltered spot for the night's resting-place. Leadens weights seemed to have attached themselves to his usually nimble feet; and he could not have felt more bruised if he had been pounded in a mortar for the last two days. But he persevered, and in about half an hour came back to Nita, walking, indeed, as slowly as though he had been his own grandfather, but with a bright face that promised pleasant news.

"Come, little sister!" he said affectionately, holding out his hand to help her to her feet.

"Oh, Juan, indeed, indeed, I can't move an inch! Don't ask me to get up!" remonstrated Nita plaintively.

But Juan, with a smile, insisted, telling her that he had something nice to show her. Then he put his arm around her and carried her off, whistling to Amigo, who, with his head on one side, was making dreadful faces over his fish bones, and positively declined to follow anybody just then. Nita had not far to go. At the end of five minutes' walk, Juan stopped, his progress impeded apparently by a large rock. The river rippled away in a long shining curve on his right, and on the left rose a high bluff.

"This way!" he said, and, in a flash,—he had disappeared completely.

"Why, where have you gone? Where are you, Juan?" cried Nita when she had skirted the rock and could see nothing of her brother. She was answered by a merry shout with a queer ring in it:

"Here! here! Don't you see me?"

It sounded very near, and she stared all about her, up the bluff, into the trees, into the river even; and then, taking a good look at the rock, she saw Juan's laughing face peeping at her from behind

the leaves of a bush that grew in the angle formed by the bluff and the rock.

"Come here! You can just squeeze in, when you push the bush aside," said Juan encouragingly; and the next moment, Nita was standing in delighted astonishment inside a beautiful little cave!

"I discovered it quite by accident," explained Juan. "I saw a rabbit dart in here and looked to see where he had gone. It is perfectly dry and warm, and there are no snake holes, for I have looked all about it for them, and here we can stay just as long as we please. We are as safe as though we were at home. Are n't you glad you came, now? Is n't it a splendid thing to have a house of our own!" He threw himself down with a sigh of deep content as he spoke; and Nita, who had thought she could not take another step, explored every corner of the cave again and again, and indulged in the most rapturous comments on it. "*O! La buena fortuna! Qué casa segura bonísima, hermosa, grandísima!*" (Oh, what good fortune! What a safe, nice, fine, big house!) she cried, and was not half done admiring it then. The last sounds Juan heard that night were, "Oh, is n't this just too delightful, too fortunate, for anything!" from Nita, and a loud snore from Amigo, who had traced them without the least difficulty, and had promptly sought the repose he needed.

Happy and secure, they all slept on, and on, until even the cave was quite bright. When at last they did awake, it was to find themselves the stiffest, lamest creatures in the world, and the day well advanced. It seemed at first as if every motion of the body would result in the dislocation of a joint. But when people have to find as well as to cook their own breakfasts, they can not lie abed; so, with many an exclamation and groan, Nita took herself off to the river to perform her morning ablutions; and Juan, after making some wry faces and yawning prodigiously, followed her example.

The fresh air soon put new life into them, while exercise became first endurable and then enjoyable. Nita built a fire in Comanche fashion. Juan got out his fishing-pole, and gave himself up to the business of the moment. The lesson of the previous evening, however, had not been wasted on those Arcadian trout. They had lost confidence in man and grasshoppers, and they now kept back a little, prudently waiting to see whether further experience would destroy or confirm their suspicions.

It was a blundering, stupid catfish, after all, that darted at the bait, swallowed it, made a desperate plunge below—and snapped Juan's line!

"My only hook!" exclaimed Juan, quite aghast, as he saw the cord disappear, and drew in what remained of it.

For a few minutes it seemed as though the children were destined to be defeated by the fishes. But Juan was by no means at the end of his resources, and he presently went poking about and around in a purposeful sort of way, saying:

"I know what I'll do! Just wait a minute."

And this is what he did. He found a small bone not much larger than a quill, and, having sharpened one end, he tied his line to the bone within an inch of the sharp end, leaving three or four inches beyond. He then tied the gills of a fish to the long and blunt end of the bone. Then he took a piece of dry wood about five feet long, and, having fastened his line to it, threw the wood out into deep water. The next minute he saw the wood give a dash and begin traveling off at odd angles, taking an occasional dive under the water, and popping up again where least expected. Into the clear water jumped Juan, creating a great excitement among its innocent inhabitants! The wood now rushed upstream at an amazing pace, Juan swimming after it with long and dexterous side-strokes, while Nita, on the bank, shrieked with laughter as she watched the queer race. It was a triumphant moment when Juan got hold of the wood and towed his prize into shore. It proved to be an immense flat-headed catfish that would have weighed thirty or forty pounds, and great was the young fisher's pride and joy.

It was a troublesome piece of business for Juan to get his patent hook out of the fish's throat, until he hit on the masterly plan of cutting off its head; this so simplified matters that he soon had his tackle clear. The fact that their breakfast had so nearly escaped them gave it added zest, though this was scarcely needed. A more hearty and entirely satisfactory meal was never made, and Amigo got two large pieces without any bones for his share.

The afternoon was given up to lounging and talking. The children reviewed all their past life at home and among the Comanches, and it was agreed that they should stay in their present comfortable quarters until they had entirely recovered, and had laid by such provisions as they could carry. In this way the risk of starvation would be considerably lessened. On this subject, Nita had an inspiration.

"I can carry a good deal, and you can take some, and why should n't Amigo help us?" she exclaimed. "If there are pack-horses, why should n't there be pack-dogs?"

Such an idea had never occurred to Juan, but he highly approved of it now. While they were still discussing the subject, they heard the gobble of approaching turkeys. The evening was drawing down, and the birds were coming in, as usual, to roost near the river.

"We are not going to live on fish altogether," said Juan, and straightway began to imitate the notes of the turkeys with the aid of a little box cut out of cedar-wood. Shaneco had taught him this important piece of wood-craft, and had shown him how to make this "yelper," or turkey-call, and how to produce the proper tones, by scraping away on one side with a bit of slate. Juan and Nita both were ambitious of getting a shot at the turkeys, so they strung their bows and hid in some bushes near a large oak, in which they fancied the fowls would roost. Juan laid a few arrows down beside him, in case the first shot was a failure, though he thought this an unlikely event.

"Oh, do you think you will hit one? I do hope you won't miss!" whispered Nita excitedly, as the unsuspecting fowls marched down to the river to drink before settling down, or rather up, for the night.

"Hit one?" repeated Juan scornfully; "I should rather think I would."

He then fell to scraping on his yelper again, and presently the whole flock came hopping and skipping and gobbling toward the children, and almost ran over them! Embarrassed by this wealth of opportunity, they aimed first at one and then at another, until it seemed as if the whole flock would pass without either of the young hunters getting a shot. Juan finally selected his bird, and shot, but missed. Last in the procession came a sober, staid old gobbler which stopped a moment within ten feet of Nita. Whiz! went her arrow square into its breast. After running a few yards with drooping wings, it tumbled over; then, up jumped Nita, so transported by her success that she paid no attention to Juan's warning, "*Cuidado!*" (Look out!) and seized the turkey by the neck.

"You will get hurt!" shouted Juan, running up; but the turkey had already made such lively play with its wings and feet, that she had released it. "Well, well, Nita, I am proud of you!" he said, a little condescendingly. "But something must be the matter with my bow. I believe I could have done better with the old one." He carefully examined his bow as he spoke, but found it all right. "It was n't my fault, I know!" he protested with some pique.

"Perhaps the turkeys were at fault," suggested Nita, teasingly.

"Nonsense! How ridiculous you are to talk

so! Do you mean to say that I don't know how to shoot?" demanded Juan rather angrily; and, without waiting for her reply, he walked off to look up his arrow. He found it and came back with it, saying triumphantly, "I knew it! It was the arrow. See here, how it is warped! It was all the fault of this crooked thing. I must be more careful in future, and do as Shaneco told me. 'Always straighten your arrows before you

ness always does in that land of brief twilights. There was fish, warmed over, and the breast of that delicious turkey, which was greatly relished;



"NITA SEIZED THE TURKEY BY THE NECK."

start out to hunt or fight,' he said. I remember now, but it was so long ago, I had forgotten."

With this he picked up the turkey and walked back to camp in dignified silence. It was cooked for their supper in the open air; and then Nita, who liked the idea of playing at housekeeping, built a small fire of very dry wood near the mouth of the cave.

This served to light the farthest corner of their apartment, making it indeed a cheerful retreat for the merry little party that assembled in the cave, when darkness dropped suddenly down, as the dark-

ness was much laughter and chatter; Amigo was caressed and complimented, and fed with now a wing, now a leg, until his eyes glistened with satisfaction. So secure and at ease were the children, that by a natural process of association they began to talk of certain gala-days that they remembered at the *hacienda*; this led to the old, ever new, subject—their mother; and the evening closed with "*Mañanitas Allegres*,"* "*El Sueño*,"† and one or two more of the old songs.

"We must push on as soon as we get some food. Our mother has waited so long for us, we

* "Happy mornings."

† "The dream."

must not linger," said Juan in final comment; and much as Nita dreaded the hardships and dangers that awaited them, she assented to this, though rather quaveringly, as she looked about her and thought of the world beyond that safe retreat.

"No, we must not stay. We must go to her. It may not be so bad. And if it is, we must suffer, since our mother is waiting. Poor, sweet, little mother. Ah! if we were only birds and could fly to you!" she said.

"And be shot, perhaps, on the wing," said Juan. "As for me, I prefer to walk."

The children were up at daylight, next morning, being now thoroughly rested and restored to their usual state of perfect health and gleeful spirits. The squirrels darting about in the trees outside were not more full of joyous life; and even Amigo was all bounds and frisks and cheerfulness, as different as possible from the dog that crossed the prairie with drooping head and tail, bowed down by the weight of his woes. After breakfast, the trio went on an exploring expedition about their camp, having been too tired on the previous day to do anything except provide for their immediate necessities. Not a very sober ramble did it prove, for the way in which they swarmed up trees and jumped from one to another, slid down the bank, dived into the river, floated, swam, and played there until they were tired, scrambled out again, chased one another over the prairie, pulled a harmless snake out of its hole, diffused themselves generally over the neighborhood in search of amusement and adventure, would have frightened any elderly persons of civilized habits quite out of their wits (if any such had been there to witness the children's antics), and would have turned a mother, a governess or a nurse gray in less than an hour by the clock. As it was, they took their fill of frolic without fear and without reproach or interference. The rabbits scudded away from them, were pursued, ran up the white flag, and for the most part escaped, though one was knocked over by Juan in the course of the morning. The hawks overhead turned a curious eye upon them, but, finding out that they were not a new and interesting variety of poultry, lost interest in them, and sailed indifferently away. The smaller birds flew up before them out of the tall grass, disclosing nests in which were eggs that never developed into the third brood of the season, for they were promptly sucked by Juan and Juanita, who were connoisseurs in the matter of nature's edibles. Neither guardian, mentor, teacher, pastor, nor master these children had; they were as free as air; but, after all, they did not greatly abuse their liberty. They tired of play about noon, and be-thought themselves of dinner. At least, Nita did.

Juan had feasted on berries, and was not yet ready to go back to camp.

"I think I see some vines over there," he said to Nita, who was resting from her pleasures. "I'll be back presently, and will bring you enough berries for dinner and supper. Wait here for me." He darted off as he spoke, and in about ten minutes Nita was surprised to hear a shout of joy from him. "Come here, Nita! Just look here!" he called out; and she rushed after him, all curiosity to know what this demonstration meant. She found him gazing with delight at a mass of nicely sealed honeycomb neatly packed away under a ledge of rock. There it was in full view; and how tempting it was! But, alas! it was much above their reach. Now, if there was one thing that the children liked, it was honey. It took the place of all the candy, bonbons, cakes, custards, meringues, and jams in which other children delight; and to see it and not to be able to get at it, was simply distracting.

Both Juan and Nita danced about on the grass below in their impatience, and looked, and longed, and looked again, without being able to think of a way to rifle the sweets. They ran up and down, gave their views as to the way it was to be done, tried to jump up, and to crawl up, although there was scarcely footing for a fly on the face of the rock, almost quarreled as to methods, and at last relapsed into silence only to stare anew at the treasure so cunningly placed just where, as Nita said, "no one could get it."

"I don't know about that," said Juan; and running into the bed of the creek, he picked up a young tree, long dead and washed down by some flood. This he propped up against the rock to serve him as a ladder. He then looked about until he found a dagger-plant (*Yucca Filamentosa*), and armed with one of its sharp leaves, he climbed up near the ledge, Nita looking on, the while, with the most intense interest. He thrust the dagger into the comb, and a generous flood of clear, golden syrup bedewed it and trickled down the face of the rock, like rich tears, which Juan would have liked to catch and bottle, Egyptian fashion. But out, also, rushed a swarm of angry bees and fairly enveloped him, making so savage a sortie and putting so much sting into their buzz, and so much buzz into their sting, that even Juan the Daring was only too glad to scramble, almost tumble, down again. He brushed off such bees as still clung to him and made light of his wounds, but he did not offer to repeat the experiment.

He and Nita were now more piqued and aggravated than ever; for, after tasting the delicious honey that still clung to the dagger-leaf, it seemed an insupportable deprivation to get no more. So,

after scraping off the last drop and rolling his eyes at Nita in sympathetic enjoyment, Juan determined that he would not be beaten by any colony of bees that ever swarmed, buzzed, or stung. Off he started again, and this time brought back a long, light pole, on the end of which he tied his butcher's knife. He then made Nita sweep away all leaves and dust from the flat stones at the bottom of the cliff, and cover it with large fresh leaves. This done, he advanced again on the enemy, going very cautiously up the ladder this time. While still at a safe distance, he managed to cut off a large piece of comb, which rolled below and was at once picked up by Nita, while a golden cascade poured over the ledge and dropped into the vessel prepared to catch it. Astonished to find the bees quiet, Juan mounted higher and higher. He now saw that his enemies were completely demoralized, as many a better army has been by the richness of spoils. No sooner was the comb broken by his first dagger-thrust, than every bee bade instant farewell to industry, prudence, foresight, valor, and every other virtue for which that insect is noted, and falling upon the abundant supply of honey disclosed, it seized and carried off all it could lay feelers on. It never so much as occurred to the bees to sting anybody, so



absorbed were they in plundering the cells that they had built and filled with nectar.

When Juan saw this, he unbound his knife, he threw away the pole, and, leaning

forward, cut the remainder of the comb loose; and it bounded down below, burying untold bees

deep in its recesses. Those which could leave it, did so, and settled back on their hive; but when Nita, who had run



away in a fright, came back, it took her some time to remove the dead and wounded. Juan came down with a beaming air of victory, and, taking up as much honey as they could carry, the children walked back to the cave well satisfied with their ramble and its results.

Fresh fish, wild turkey, dewy berries, and rich honey made a dinner which an epicure would not have despised, and with which Juan and Nita certainly found no fault. It was served under a wide-spreading oak, from an extremely æsthetic green dinner-service of broad, cool leaves, beautiful in color and texture. It was washed down with "*agua pura, limpia, deliciosa*,"* according to Juan, who brought the sparkling liquid from the river in other leaves pinned together with thorns, so as to form goblets. And I am afraid the *señora* would have been alarmed if she had seen the way in which the viands disappeared before her two healthy, hungry children.

When dinner was over, they bethought themselves of the remainder of the honey, and went back to get it and store it. As they approached the spot they were surprised to see it through a cloud of bees, as it were; and they soon discovered that a grand battle, a regular Waterloo of a struggle, was going on between two armies of bees — the owners of the hive and some neighboring and thievish soldiers of fortune that had been attracted by the smell of the honey. After a really terrible conflict, the home bees, animated, no doubt, by a deep sentiment of devotion to their hearths and honeysides, drove off the wicked

* Pure, clear, delicious water.

marauders. But they were not destined to occupy that "sweet, sweet home" again, for, no sooner was their victory complete, than Juan reaped its fruits. Casting about for some means of carrying the honey, after some reflection he got a couple of willow poles; across these he laid large pieces of bark which he tore from the trees; and, having thus constructed a sort of litter, he laid the honey-comb on it, and with himself at one end, and Nita at the other, the golden treasure was borne to the cave. The young bearers had to move very steadily, and to pick their way carefully, but they only dropped one piece of the comb on the road, and that they recovered.

That evening Juan left his sister to her own devices, and, taking his bow and "yelper," went on a private and particular hunting expedition of his own, from which he returned with two large gobblers and a turkey-hen of the plumpiest and most satisfactory proportions.

They spent the next day in getting a good supply of cooked provisions, and that night was their last in their pretty little cave. Nita abandoned it next morning with lively regret and a troubled anticipation of evils to come. But far stronger than this

sense of fear was that impelling power that can send the youngest, gentlest, most timid creature in the world into unknown dangers and to death, if need be — the power of love. Neither Nita nor Juan could resist the mighty force of a mother's love that was drawing them across three hundred miles of wilderness straight to the mother-heart that generated it. And so, with a sigh or two, Nita put her little hand in Juan's and walked away from the place that for the last few days had been their haven of refuge.

Still bearing away to the southwest, Juan crossed the river at a shallow ford about half a mile below the cave, and struck out into the open country beyond. They took a last look at the pleasant stream as it rushed around a curve and was broken into music by the obstructing stones beyond. Juan threw a pebble at a moccasin-snake gliding about near the bank; Amigo, who was enjoying a last swim, came out and shook himself; and now there was no longer an excuse for lingering. The cave was again empty, the fish were again gliding about fearlessly in the cool, clear, quiet depths of the river; the children were again facing the unknown.

(To be continued.)

WINTER.

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

So the brook in winter sings no more?
I grant he 's gone in and shut the door;
But, bless you! he sings in much the same
way
He sung as he ran down the meadows of May.
The brook (his old name, remember, was Elf)
Is cunning, keeping his tunes to himself.
I know very well he 's not sung out;
And if you insist on good, full proof,
Just chip a hole in his palace roof,
Put down your ear, and make an end of doubt.

So the flowers in winter bloom no more?
Roses are gone, but you surely must see
There are blossoms on blossoms, a thousand for
four,
Thicker than leaves on the summer tree,

Purer than roses — ay, whiter than lilies,
And of fairer fields than the daffydowndillies.
Summer may put a flower on each stem,
But these live blossoms, half bird — what of them?
Millions on millions, everywhere,
Coming a-dancing out of the air.

So the skies of winter are unkind?
Watch sharp the stars, and I think you will find
That, instead of looking 'round the blue,
They glance straight down, and right at you.
The sight of all sights for bright young eyes
Is hung up there, in the winter skies.
And, mark you not how clear the air is?
That 's the work of the witchingest fairies,
The same that make pictures on the pane,
And taper icicles out of the rain.

A LESSON IN PATRIOTISM.

BY NOAH BROOKS.



SOME years ago, when writing for ST. NICHOLAS a story of a base-ball club in Maine, called "The Fairport Nine," I introduced the "Nine" as a boys' military company. Perhaps some of my young readers thought that story was wholly a fiction, and that no such boys ever lived and acted as my boys did in the story. It would be just as well, perhaps, to let you all remain in the belief (so far as you have it), that the story of "The Fairport Nine" was wholly a work of the writer's imagination. But something has lately come into my keeping, by way of reminder of those far-off days of which I wrote, that moves me to think that I might interest in the truthful tale the lads and lasses whom I ever see before me, in my mind's eye.

In the chapter of "The Fairport Nine" relating to the mili-

tary company of the boys, it is told that those young heroes had a standard presented to them. Now this actually happened. Our boys' company was called The Hancock Cadets, the county in which our town was situated being Hancock. The name of the town is Castine, not Fairport as in the story. There were twelve of us, and such was the success of our little band as "trainers," that a rival company was organized by another clique of boys, who called themselves The Castine Guards.

We were armed with lances; a slender rod tipped with a tin lance-head, and painted of a mahogany color, being the nearest we could get to a real weapon. And we thought them very fine indeed. But we must have a banner. The big sisters of several of the boys in The Hancock Cadets made for us a flag with a white ground, in the center of which was an oval group of red stars, and in the center of this was a smaller cluster of blue stars—thirteen, all told. The flag was bordered about with red worsted fringe, from the cabin drapery of the good ship Canova, then recently dismantled in the port; and from the gilded tip that decorated the head of the staff hung cords and tassels from the same storm-tossed craft.

It was on the Fourth of July, 1840, that the flag was formally presented to our company by the big sister of one of the private soldiers. As I was standard-bearer, it became my duty to receive the banner and to make a speech. Being of the mature age of ten, I felt myself equal to the duty of taking and carrying the beautiful flag on which we had been permitted to gaze in secret and with glittering eyes. But the speech was beyond any of us.

In this dilemma, my big sister and the young lady aforementioned laid their heads together and produced two speeches, one for the presentation of the flag, and one for the standard-bearer. This was in the midst of the political campaign which General William Henry Harrison was making for the Presidency of the United States. We all were enthusiastic Harrison men in our company, and I remember that my copy of my speech was written on what was known as "log-cabin paper," bearing in one corner an embossed picture of General Harrison's log-cabin home.

Our noble young captain drew us up in line before the great front door of the house in which lived the young lady who was to present the flag to us. Accompanied by a bevy of her blooming companions, the young lady came out on the top step, with great dignity, and delivered the following address:

"Young Soldiers, it is with pleasure that I meet you on this glorious day, so dear to every patriot, and present to you a standard, whose Stars and Stripes will show you that it is the true American Flag. If, whenever you march beneath it, you remember those brave men who, under such a standard fought so long and nobly for our independence, and determine that when a time of

danger shall come, you will defend your country with firmness and courage like theirs, I can ask no more of you as New England soldiers!

"I do not wish you to love war. True glory can be gained only when we fight for Freedom. But I wish you to love your country! Read the history of Washington, the Father of his Country, and of the other heroes who fought the battles of the Revolution. And read, too, of those, who, like the illustrious Harrison, have in later times defended our land against its enemies. Read the lives of such men, I repeat, and endeavor to be animated by their spirit! And I would have you learn more of your country,—what a broad and beautiful land it is, and how worthy to be a patriot's home. The more you learn of it, the dearer it will be to you; and you should become more earnest to do all in your power to make it free and happy. I wish you to believe that bad citizens are the worst enemies of their country, for you will then be likely to grow up good citizens, and try to make others so.

"And now, after urging you once more to be always ready to protect every part of our beloved country, even to the remotest log-cabin that is built upon its borders, I will place in your hands the Star-Spangled Banner.

"Forever float this standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us;
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!"

The blushing young standard-bearer received into his hand the Banner of Freedom, and the captain ordered three cheers, which were given with a will. It will be noticed that the speech of presentation alludes to the stars and stripes of the flag. It was intended, at first, that it should be a regulation flag, but circumstances prevented, and the speech, being written, was allowed to stand as it was. Last summer, while on a visit to my native town, the original speeches delivered on that occasion—kept in the family ever since—came into my possession. It is now more than forty-six years since these pale lines were written. They lie before me on sheets of rough paper, yellowed by time, and yet readable on the worn folds where they were written so long ago.

And now the old fellow, living over again with the readers of ST. NICHOLAS the youthful days when, a ten-year-old boy, he received the flag of

his company, copies from the aged record the words of the reception speech, which he committed to memory with so many sighs and groans of laborious care in 1840. This is what the little standard-bearer said:

"Accept my thanks, dear madam, in behalf of my fellow-soldiers, for the standard thus graciously bestowed upon us; and I trust that this Star-Spangled Banner and the day of its presentation may alike serve to remind us of our duty to our country. May we ever conduct ourselves as good and loyal citizens in order for the preservation of its freedom and, if needs be, fight, as did the patriot fathers, for that freedom. But may it prove a banner of peace, and may it float amid our ranks, and may we march beneath it with the sweet assurance that all nations harbor toward us feelings of peace and good-will, and we indulge the same good feelings towards them."

Twenty years after the time when these speeches were spoken on the doorsteps of that old home in Maine—when the young men of New England flew to arms to defend the life of the Republic—strangers and foreigners wondered at their spirit and readiness. Perhaps some of the peace-blessed children who now read the story of the civil war almost as they would read the story of Romulus and Remus, or of Horatius at the bridge, may see in these lines, written so long ago, the secret of that New England patriotism. For it was by such scenes as this that New England boys were then taught the lessons of loyalty.

And now let me tell the sequel:

Of the handful of boys who stood around the little standard-bearer while that lesson was given to the miniature soldiers, one, the captain, fell in the siege of Port Hudson, a willing martyr to the cause of his country. Another, a private in the ranks, won in the army of the Republic a title and a name for courage and skill; and he was one of the party who regained their liberty by tunneling a passage out of Libby Prison. A third, also a private, went to the wars and, after renowned service, came home to spend his days in peace and honor. A fourth, the drummer of the Castine cadets, commanded in many a hard-fought naval fight, deserving well of his country,—and, when peace had returned, he met his death by the sudden sinking of his ship, the man-of-war *Onaida*, and now lies in his lonely grave on the coast of Japan.

The lesson in patriotism was not in vain.

HOW DOUBLEDARLING'S OLD SHOES BECAME LADY'S SLIPPERS.

BY CANDACE WHEELER.



LITTLE Doubledarling was going to bed, and a new pair of shoes was standing on the chair beside her crib, ready to put on in the morning. She was never going to wear her old red shoes any more, for, indeed, they were quite worn out. Some of the string-holes were broken, and the toes were thin and brown; and, although she had been very proud of them when they were new, she was glad she was not going to have them on her feet again, and that there was a shining pair of black ones to take their places. Black shoes were a sign that she was growing older, and Doubledarling was glad of that. All at once she began to wonder what became of all the old shoes in the world. If nothing became of them, she thought the world must get full of old shoes; for everybody, men and women, boys and girls, and even little babies, were wearing new shoes into old ones all the time.

"Grandmamma, what does become of the old shoes?" said she, dreamily.

"The fairies make them into lady's slippers," said her grandmamma, promptly. And that was the last thing she said, except "Good-night," after she had heard "Now I lay me," and had tucked the little girl nicely up for the night; and so Doubledarling was thinking of that when she fell softly into dreamland.

In a moment, she found herself wearing her new shoes, and walking all alone beside a sliding stream, which had silver stripes and wrinkles all down the middle of it. The sides were red and purple and blue and yellow and brown and green and gray, just as the flowers were which grew beside them, and just as the earth was brown, and the grass and the leaves green, and the rocks gray.

"Oh, what a lovely brook!" thought little Doubledarling, "and what lovely grass and flowers; and what beautiful rocks to jump over; only, I hope they will not scratch my nice new shoes that Grandmamma gave me!" Then she forgot all about her new shoes, because everything about her was so much prettier, and because they all seemed alive and having a beautiful time, waving and bowing and walking together, and calling to

the sliding water, which seemed more alive than any of them.

She went on and on, just as people do in dreamland, without ever being tired; and sometimes she would rise a foot or two above the ground, and slide along, just as the stream did, until she had gone more than a hundred miles; and the stream had grown broader and broader, until it was like a lake.

The water was quiet now, and the silver stripes and wrinkles were gone, but there were stars shining in it, and the great, round moon, white as a lily; and Doubledarling thought the brook had gone to sleep, and that was why it had been running so fast home; because it was bedtime.

She walked softly along the banks, for fear of waking the brook, until she came to a place where lily-pads were floating—so many of them that they quite covered the water.

Just beyond them was a little island, which rose quite high in the middle, and the sides were covered with flower-beds, which shone like pink and crimson fire in the moonlight. "Oh! oh! oh! what lovely flowers!" said little Doubledarling. "I wish I could go over and pick some for Grandma."

Just as she was saying that, she heard a little rustle and patter behind her, like a child walking and running. But when she looked around, she could see no one; only something like a pair of birds was fluttering and jumping along the path. When it drew nearer, what did she see but her own old red shoes coming along quite by themselves, exactly as if they had a pair of little feet in them! Now, nobody is ever surprised at anything in dreamland, and Doubledarling thought it the most natural thing in the world to see her shoes come hopping and skipping after her. She was just going to tell them they need not have taken the trouble to follow her, for she had not soiled her new shoes a bit, when, without taking the slightest notice of her, patter, pat, patter, they rustled by, sprung on one great, green lily-leaf, and fluttered over the rest, touching here and there, as if they were scampering over a bridge.

Without ever waiting to think about it, Doubledarling sprung after them. The great, green leaves swayed and trembled as if they were astonished to find a child running over them; but she flashed across almost before they knew it, landing

in a moment right among the flower-beds, which from the other side had looked so like white and scarlet and rose-colored flame.

The old red shoes never stopped, although Doubledarling sprang almost into them; but they flew on up a garden walk, until they came to a great, round slope of green turf, high in the center and falling smoothly on every side to the flower-beds.

Right across the turf pattered the shoes, and right after them pattered the little girl, until she suddenly found herself standing before the loveliest little old lady in the world, over whom she had nearly tumbled in her haste to recover her

except the beautiful brown boddice and a high cap like a helmet, which was set over the mass of fluffy silvery hair, drawn away from the gold-yellow face. The helmet was green and white, or, rather, it was white, with ruffled edges of green, and just one or two little splashes of pink; and right on the very top, it curved into a little green hook, as if the old lady hung it up by that when she took it off. Although Doubledarling had nearly tumbled over her, the fairy looked first at the shoes, and said to them:

"How do you do?"

And the shoes rose up on their toes and bowed, and answered:



"WHAT DID SHE SEE BUT HER OWN OLD RED SHOES!"

shoes, which were standing soberly beside her now, looking as innocent as if they had never gone alone in their lives. Doubledarling had never—even in dreamland—seen anything like the little old lady. Her face and hands were as yellow as a buttercup, and crossed and veined all over with the finest little wrinkles, like veins in a flower-leaf. Her hair was as fine and white as the silver silk in the pod of the milk-weed; and she wore a sort of vest or boddice, which looked as if it were made from the brown flat seeds of the milk-weed lapped over one another like the scales of a fish.

All the rest of the dress was soft and cobwebby,

"Very well, I thank you," just as if they had talked all their lives.

Then she looked at Doubledarling. "Hey day!" said she; "here is a child out of Wake-land!" and smiled at her quite kindly. "Sit down, my dear," she added, "until I get through with my work, and then we will play together."

At that, Doubledarling sank down on the grass at the fairy's feet, and soon all the space was covered with pairs of shoes that came and ranged themselves in rows behind the little old red shoes. All the small ones came skipping as lightly as sparrows; and once in a while a pair that was nearly full-grown came tumbling over each other

in a great frolic; but most of the full-grown shoes crawled along quite wearily, very close together, first one little hitch and then another, as if they had gone a very long journey and were glad it was near its end.

When they all were settled in their places and there seemed to be no more of them coming, the fairy turned to the red shoes, which headed the first row, and said in a very sharp, business-like tone:

"Whom did you belong to, and how old are you?"

"Please, madam," said the shoes, rising on their toes and dropping a little courtesy, "we belong to Doubledarling, and we are just three months old."

"Have you ever tripped her feet and made her fall?" asked the fairy.

"Never!" said the little red shoes, blushing with indignation, "never, because her grandmamma said she was a motherless child, and had nobody to kiss her hurts. We are not that kind of shoes at all."

The fairy nodded and looked pleased.

"Did you always run fast with her when her grandmamma called, and slowly when she wanted to run away from lessons?" she said.

"Always," answered the red shoes, in a very sturdy, honest manner that somehow set Doubledarling thinking and remembering some things which made her feel very warm about her ears. She pushed away her yellow curls from them, however, and listened with all her might to what the fairy was saying.

"Very well," said the fairy, "you might have lasted longer, but you come of a delicate family, and on the whole, I am very well satisfied with you. Run into the garden, and bury yourselves in the third row from the front. You will come up single, and be of a very choice color."

The two shoes bobbed another courtesy, and flew off to the garden without ever waiting to get the tearful good-by which Doubledarling was ready to give them, remembering their three months' faithful service, and how many times they had helped her to be good and saved her from being bad.

She had hardly a moment in which to think, and to wonder what the fairy meant by sending them to bury themselves, and by saying they would "come up single, and be of a very choice color," before she heard the question again:

"Whom did you belong to, and how old are you?"

This time it was a pair of very plain, ugly, smallish shoes that answered. They were as brown as withered leaves. The strings were gone, and so were the toes, and there were holes worn

right through the soles of them. They were very shy and awkward, and sidled against each other, with their toes turned in, as if they had walked that way ever since they had been able to walk at all; but after a moment they both spoke together:

"Please, ma'am, we were Mary Murphy's shoes in the beginning, and then, when she grew too old for us, she gave us to Mrs. Mulligan's Tommy, and that's how we came to be so bad; and we are a year and ten months old." And the brown shoes put their toes together, and fidgeted, as if they were not quite at ease in such fine company.

The old fairy smiled like the sun.

"Oh, yes," said she; "I know you! and if you had come to me from Mary Murphy, I really don't think I would have kept you at all. You pinched her toes, and skinned her heels, and stumbled when she was running, and were very uncomfortable. But then, you were born boys' shoes; and you did cure Mrs. Mulligan's Tommy of a dreadful stone-bruise, and you were always the first pair of shoes at school while he wore you, and I only know of your kicking his little brother once or twice. So you may go and bury yourselves in the garden, third row from the front; and be sure not to trouble the pair next you! You will come up double, and rather mixed in color."

The pair of brown shoes sidled off with an awkward attempt at a bow, and when they were well out of the fairy's sight, Doubledarling saw the right one kick very viciously a poor old slipper which lay quite by itself at the end of one of the rows. But the fairy was so busy that Doubledarling did not like to interrupt her by telling her of it; and then she was so interested in hearing all that was said to the other shoes that she soon forgot what the naughty brown one had done.

The very next was a pair of baby's shoes, made of soft, blue kid, with satin strings and rosettes. The toes were a little curled up, as if a baby's toes had wiggled around in them; but otherwise they were quite fresh and new-looking.

"Well, well!" said the fairy; "and how did you get here? You never walked in your lives!"

"No, indeed!" laughed the kid shoes, with a sort of coo like a pigeon's. "We flew. We could n't stay on, because the baby's toes would n't keep still; and we got tired of being dropped about in the nursery, and we were afraid we might be dropped into the fire some day. So to-night, after baby was asleep and the nurse had gone downstairs, we just flew out of the window and came here."

The fairy looked at them tenderly, as if they were real babies. Then she said:

"You can not be changed into another shape until you have done some good in this. Go and

hang yourselves on the Santa Claus tree, until he comes to gather you. You will do for this little girl's Christmas doll, and when you are quite worn out you may come again, and I will make lady's slippers of you."

The baby shoes whimpered, but they saw that the old lady meant to be obeyed, so they twinkled into the air like a pair of blue butterflies, and fluttered away with their blue satin strings wagging behind them like little tails.

"Oh! where is the Santa Claus tree? Does it grow on this island?" spoke out little Doubledarling—for the idea of seeing the tree from which Santa Claus gathered his presents was too delight-

They had excellent manners, in spite of their shabbiness, and although Doubledarling was so excited about the Santa Claus tree, she could not help listening to them. And they were saying, "The school-teacher wore us until the summer vacation, and then she bought a new pair to go into the country with, and gave us to a Bible-reader who lived in the same house. The Bible-reader walked from Twenty-fifth street to Forty-second street, and from First avenue to Third avenue every day, and we did the very best we could for her. We never slipped on any of the dark, dirty stairs she climbed; and we made ourselves as quiet as if we had been made of velvet, in



"PAIRS OF SHOES CAME AND RANGED THEMSELVES IN ROWS."

ful! The old fairy lady was very busy just then, talking with a pair of very shabby cloth gaiters; but she heard what the little Wake-child had uttered, and smiled at her, as she went on with her questioning—a smile that made Doubledarling feel as if the Santa Claus tree could not be far off.

The cloth gaiters were the very oldest shoes in all the rows of old shoes. The sides were all broken away from the sole, and raveled out as well. The linings were nearly as black as the outside. They were so shapeless that you would hardly believe they had ever fitted a human foot, and yet the old fairy was paying them the greatest attention.

all the sick-rooms where she used to stop. We were just as easy as we possibly could be for her; swelling ourselves out until we really burst our sides trying to keep her tired feet from aching. She wore us up and down, and in and out for three months, and we heard so much Bible-reading that we nearly learned it all by heart. At last, when we were helping her take care of little Jim Quinlisk one day,—he had been run over by a street car,—we heard her promise us to his mother, who could n't go out to earn a penny 'bekase she had n't a shoe to her foot.' Mrs. Quinlisk took us out house-cleaning and washing, for six weeks, and then she threw us out of the

window into a vacant lot. We were glad enough, for we had never been warm or dry during the six weeks; and besides, Mrs. Quinlisk never would stand us side by side, as the Bible-reader had done, so that we could have an orderly, quiet chat at night, but dropped one of us here and another there, in sprawling attitudes and dirty corners, so that we had quite lost our self-respect and feeling of respectability.

"When she threw us into the vacant lot, we fortunately fell very near each other; so we seized each other by a button, and shook off the ashes,

right Mulligan shoe—and that turned out to belong to a one-legged soldier.

The old lady took Doubledarling's hand, and the cloth gaiters and the soldier's slipper marched solemnly behind them to the garden.

When they came to the front row of flowers, Doubledarling saw that they all were lady's slippers and moccasin flowers. Oh, such beauties! standing like soldiers, rank upon rank, and so tall that they reached to her waist.

The stalks were all growing in pairs, two by two; two together, then a little space, and two more



"THE FAIRY MOTIONED FOR IT TO COME AND STAND BESIDE THE SOLDIER'S SLIPPER." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

and said the magic words written in our soles, and then the next thing we knew we were on the beautiful island."

The fairy smiled until her eyes were nearly closed.

"That is the kind of life-story that is good to hear!" said she. "I will plant you myself, in the very front row. You will be as double as a rose, and the finest color in the world!"

The old shoes bobbed a courtesy, and crept aside while the fairy went on with her questions and decisions.

At last there was only the one old slipper that Doubledarling had seen so rudely kicked by the

together—salmon-colored flowers splashed with scarlet, and scarlet dappled with white, and white streaked with rose pink.

The moccasin flowers were as yellow as gold, or they were pale crimson spotted with black. All of them were rocking softly and singing to themselves; and although it was only moonlight, butterflies and moths and humming-birds were fluttering among them, paying them evening visits. The old fairy took a little silver spade in her hand and dug a hole five or six inches deep, in among the most beautiful of the flowers.

"Come!" said she, nodding to the cloth shoes, and they drew themselves to the edge of the hole,

and sliding in, laid themselves side by side at the bottom, as if they were going to sleep. "Good-by," said the fairy, gently, "until the blossom of your lives makes all the island fragrant." With that she drew the mold between the flowers.

Doubledarling wondered what was to be done with the soldier's old slipper, because everything there,—shoes, and flowers, and all,—were in pairs, and what could be done with one old slipper? She had heard the fairy say: "I suppose you know nothing about your comrade?"

And the slipper had answered quite mournfully, "No, mum; I was not born a twin."

The fairy pounded three times on the ground with her spade, and called out loud three times, "Mrs. McGlory! Mrs. McGlory! Mrs. McGlory!" At that every lady's slipper in the garden turned its head to look, and from somewhere there came shuffling along over the grass the jolliest-looking old shoe that anybody ever saw. It was broad and fat, and it seemed to be laughing at every seam with little smiles here and there where the stitches were broken.

The old fairy motioned it to come and stand beside the soldier's slipper, and then it did actually laugh aloud, and all the lady's slippers gave a little rustle like a chorus.

"There!" said the fairy to the soldier's slipper, "Mrs. McGlory came here a widow, because her mate fell into the fire and was burned to death. She is very cheerful, and has been waiting for a companion, so I bestow her upon you."

The old slipper made a stiff, military salute, standing up very high on his toe, and Mrs. McGlory made a bob of a courtesy, and the couple pattered off together down one of the paths, to bury themselves wherever they found a pleasant place in the garden.

It is no wonder that Doubledarling forgot all about the Santa Claus tree while she was in such a crowd of lady's slippers, and while the mother of all the fairies was holding so interesting a conversation with delightful old shoes; but when the last one was planted, and the silver moon had dropped down, and the butterflies and humming-birds had gone to sleep, she began to ask in a hushed and sleepy voice, which she herself could hardly hear:

"Where—where—where does the Santa Claus tree grow?"

All the time she was saying it, the odors from the flowers seemed to be rising in a cloud all about her,—red, and rose, and parti-colored,—until she could hear nothing, and see nothing, and feel nothing but waves of color and fragrance, as if the flowers were all melted and dissolved in the air; and then she felt the fairy's hand upon hers, and she opened her eyes, and it was her grand-mamma's hand, and a bright wood fire was burning in the grate, and red reflections were dancing all about the room, and a great bunch of roses was lying on the bed, just in front of her face, and Grandmamma was wishing her Doubledarling a happy birthday.

THE SONG IN THE NIGHT.

BY JAMES BUCKHAM.

A LITTLE bird sang in the dead of the night,
When the moon peeped out through a cloud;
He sang, for his heart was so full of delight,
It seemed almost throbbing aloud.

"Hush! hush!" cried the old birds; "you foolish young thing,
To wake up and sing for the moon!
Come, tuck your silly head under your wing;
You'll rouse our good neighbors too soon."

But the little bird flew to the top of the tree,
And looked up into the sky.
"Our time for singing is short," quoth he,
"And sing in the night will I."

JENNY'S BOARDING-HOUSE.

BY JAMES OTIS.

CHAPTER II.

THE LANDLADY AND THE BABY.

STRANGE as it may seem, the baby would not pay the slightest attention to the candy which Ikey had purchased, but persisted in crying loudly, despite Tom's alternate scolding, petting, and coaxing. Each of the boys had tried to do something toward amusing the new boarder; but the ungrateful little fellow would not even attempt to play with any of the many treasures his protectors offered him, and instead of becoming tired from his exertions, only cried the harder.

After half an hour had passed, during which time Ikey and Jack had been kept busy chasing away boys who were disposed to stop and make sport of the youthful nurse, Sam proposed that they should "prop up" the new boarder on the steps, and leave him to cry alone. No one paid any attention to that suggestion, however. Tom worked hard trying to still the noisy charge, and Pinney nearly made himself ill by standing on his head several minutes at a time, in the hope that the baby might be amused by seeing him kick his heels in the air.

Neither Pinney's acrobatic efforts nor Sam's jig-dancing had any effect, and it was just when the boys were growing discouraged, as well as a trifle angry with the unreasonable little youngster, that Mrs. Parsons and Jenny arrived, both of them stopping several paces from the house in speechless astonishment at the scene on the doorstep.

"I don't know what we'd 've done if you'd staid away much longer," Pinney said in a tone of relief as he ceased his efforts to stand erect on his head. "It won't be still no how you can fix it, an' we're 'bout worn out tryin' to coax it."

"But what have you boys got?" asked Mrs. Parsons, wiping the mist from her spectacles much as if she suspected that the long-used glasses were playing her a trick.

"It's a baby, of course! Can't you hear it holler?" and Tom danced the little fellow up and down still more vigorously. "I won't have any arms left unless you take it pretty soon."

"Where in the world did you get such a thing?" asked the old lady, advancing very cautiously a few paces.

"We got him right here on the doorstep," replied Ikey quickly. "At first we thought it was

a bundle you'd left outside; but we soon found that was a mistake."

"A baby on the doorstep!" exclaimed the old lady in bewilderment; and then as her sympathy began to grow stronger than her surprise, she added, "We must get him into the house at once, or he will freeze to death. I suppose you boys have been cutting up all kinds of shins with the poor little thing, and that's what makes him cry so."

"Cuttin' up shines with it!" repeated Pinney indignantly. "We have n't had any chance to do that, 'cause it's been yellin' this way 'bout ever since we found it. I tell you we've had our hands full tryin' to keep it from kickin' up a reg'lar row."

"Well, bring it into the house at once. Don't keep it out here in the cold," said Mrs. Parsons impatiently, as Jenny was trying to get a glimpse of the chubby little face; and Pinney's tone was almost one of petulance as he replied:

"I'd like to know how we can do that before you let us in?"

"Bless me!" exclaimed the old lady as she immediately began fumbling with the lock. "I do really believe I'm so confused at seeing you boys with a baby that I can't even unlock the door."

"Of course you can't unlock it with your spectacle-case," replied Pinney.

"There's no doubt that you are confused, Mother," Jenny said, laughing, as she left the baby long enough to find the key in the depths of the old lady's pocket; and in a few moments the whole party was in one of the unfurnished rooms, trying by the aid of a single tallow candle to see what the new-comer looked like.

"He's a perfect little beauty!" cried Jenny in delight, as she caught but one glimpse of the crimson, tear-stained face, before Mrs. Parsons took charge of the baby and of the house as well.

"You boys must try to put up the stove in this room," said the old lady, as she succeeded in stilling the baby's cries and continued to walk back and forth in order to keep him quiet. "You'll find one with the things which were brought this afternoon. Ikey, while the others are doing that, you go for some coal and some milk."

This running about, waiting upon a strange baby, was hardly the way in which the stockholders of the boarding-house had calculated upon spend-

ing the evening; but they could do no less than obey the orders which both Jenny and her mother had no hesitation in giving, and for two or three hours they were obliged to work very hard, much to the disgust of Sam and Jack.

At the end of that time, one room began to wear something like a home look. The stove had been set up, and, although the pipe was joined in

a rather hap-hazard manner, a roaring fire had been built. The baby, after drinking some milk, had gone to sleep in Mrs. Parsons' arms, while Jenny was bustling about, preparing the supper which Ikey had bought as a present to the young landlady, her mother, and his brother directors.

A straw bed with plenty of coverings was placed in an adjoining apartment for the boys to sleep on during this first night, and Jenny and her mother had similar accommodations in the room which served as kitchen.

After the directors had rendered all the assistance in their power, they gathered around the baby to decide upon what position it should occupy in the family.

"It's as nice a child as I have seen for a long time," the old lady said, as she smoothed his frock affectionately.

"What are you goin' to do with the little shaver?" Tom inquired.

"What do you want to do with him?" asked Ikey.

"Keep him, of course," replied Tom. "The rule I made was that he should stay here, an' I stick to it."

"But a baby is such a world of trouble!" said Mrs. Parsons with a very long and very doleful sigh.

"Do you want to send the little thing away, Mother?" asked Jenny.

"Send it away?" repeated the old lady.

"Where could we send it, except to the almshouse? An' I would n't want a dog of mine to go

there! Of course we've got to keep it; but he'll be no end of trouble."

"We'll all help take care of him," said Pinney; and then as he remembered how hard he had been obliged to work, trying to stand on his head in the hope of amusing the little fellow, he added quickly, "I mean that we'll buy the milk for him, an' sich things as that."



"IKEY WENT AT HIS TASK MANFULLY, WITH MANY CONTORTIONS OF HIS FACE." (SEE PAGE 351.)

"It's all right if he's goin' to stay," and Tom settled back in his seat contentedly as he spoke.

"You see he was the first boarder that came to the house, an' I would n't like to have him turned away. He won't be so much bother, 'cause we'll get him a dog, an' a sled, an' everything he wants, so 's he can have a good time."

"Why, Thomas Downing, what do you suppose a ten-months-old baby could do with a dog and a sled? That 's just the foolish way boys will talk!" cried Mrs. Parsons.

"Well, even if he don't want a dog, he 's got to have a name, now has n't he?" asked Tom, looking sharply at the old lady to see if she understood that he knew a thing or two about babies, even if he did happen to make a trifling mistake regarding the proper kind of playthings.

"Yes," she assented; "I suppose we ought to know what to call him."

"Of course we ought; and as he belongs to all of us, it 's our business to pick out his name. What shall it be, fellers?" Tom inquired.

"He oughter be named after some of us," said Sam, as he assumed his favorite attitude in front of the fire, with his arms folded across his breast in a manner which he thought very becoming. "Now, if you fellers want to call him Samuel Tousey Parsons, I think it would fit him, 'cause he looks as if he was a pretty smart kind of a baby."

"Well, then he oughter n't be called Sam Tousey," replied Tom with a laugh; and at this unkind allusion to his indolence, Master Tousey walked sulkily to the window, mentally resolving that he would have nothing whatever to do with the baby, and that "it was n't so very much, after all."

"If we could call him Jenny, that would be jest the thing," said Ike, quite positive that he had paid the young landlady a very pretty compliment.

"Of course you can't call a boy Jenny," Pinney said; and Sam thought this a good chance to get even with the others, by laughing boisterously.

Mrs. Parsons suggested several names, among which were Obed and Ephraim; but Tom had decided objections to them all, probably because he had one in his mind which he thought would be very appropriate.

Pinney proposed that they give the little fellow plenty of names by calling him, after every one of the partners, "Isaac Thomas Alpenna Jack Samuel Parsons."

Jenny thought that much too long, and suggested Francis.

Tom listened patiently until all had exhausted their lists of names, and then he said:

"It 's November now, an' we found him on Carpenter street, so what better do you want than November Carpenter?"

It was a brilliant idea, and there was not a voice raised against the proposition; therefore it was so settled without discussion, just in time for the hungry party to answer Jenny's summons to the long-delayed supper.

Every one was in a condition to do full justice to the meal; and when it was finished, the boys were quite willing to go to bed, for it was necessary that they should begin work very early in the morning. All were thoroughly tired, and even little November slept soundly until nearly daybreak.

Neither Jenny nor her mother expected any assistance from the boys in putting the house to rights, save, perhaps, what might be done in the evening. But it was important that the directors should pay, as quickly as possible, the amount of money they had agreed to raise; therefore Jenny had breakfast ready for them before the day had fairly dawned.

"It 'll be 'most a week before we can take any other boarders," she said, in reply to a question of Sam's. "Of course you boys are willing to sleep anywhere, because half the profits will come to you; but we could n't have regular boarders until we get things fixed properly. I shall write down everything I buy, and when you come home to-night, we will begin to keep a regular account of how much money we take in and pay out. Sell as many papers as possible to-day, so that I can get what we need this week."

Even Sam was urged into something approaching activity by Jenny's air of business, and during that day all the stockholders worked very hard to earn money. They were obliged to spend no small amount of time answering the questions of those who proposed to become Jenny's boarders, as well as of those who ridiculed the scheme; but when they figured up their profits in the evening, it was found that they had done even better than had been expected.

Owing to the fact that November had insisted on receiving a great deal of attention, Mrs. Parsons had not been able to assist Jenny very much in the work of putting the house in order; but the young landlady had accomplished wonders, at least, so the boys thought. She had set up two beds, and otherwise furnished three rooms with the furniture her mother had brought from their old home; and the house began really to look like a comfortable place in which to live.

Dinner was on the table when the directors came in about seven o'clock; and after that meal had been eaten, the boys settled their accounts with Treasurer Ike.

"There 's the whole of it," said the treasurer as he added together the amounts each boy had paid. "Now we owe Jenny twenty-five dollars and a quarter. We must square up as soon as we can, so 's the boarders may come."

"Indeed you must," added Jenny, earnestly. "Mother had furniture enough to fix four rooms, and I want to get the rest this week if possible."

Things won't be very nice at first; but if you all help me, we will have the house looking beautiful in a little while. Here 's a book I got for Ikey to keep the accounts in, so that every one can see just how much money we make."

The treasurer looked disturbed as he understood that he was to act as book-keeper, for it had been hard work for him to write, or, rather, print, even the little that was contained in the four receipts. But he went at his task manfully, with many contortions of his face; and while he was struggling with the letters, which would persist in being made wrong, Mrs. Parsons said:

"Now, boys, something must be done about the baby."

"Why, he's goin' to stay here, is n't he?" Tom asked quickly.

"He shall, if no one claims him; but it would never do to bring him in here without a word to anybody. You must contrive some way to let folks know that we 've found him."

Tom looked very uncomfortable at the prospect of giving up the baby, for he had indulged in considerable boasting during the day about the little fellow in whom he owned a share. To surrender their ward now would be, in Tom's mind at least, like losing the principal attraction of the house, and he said mournfully:

"If you think we oughter tell folks 'bout him, I s'pose we must; but I don't see how it 's goin' to be done."

It was some moments before any of the directors said anything; and then Pinney exclaimed, as he started to his feet:

"I know how to fix it! You fellers stay here while I go down to Nat Taylor's, an' I 'll rig up somethin' mighty quick!"

He was out of the house before any one could speak, slamming the door behind him.

By the time the excitement consequent upon Mrs. Parsons' suggestion had died away, Ikey, who had been working with his tongue held tightly between his teeth, announced that he had succeeded in finishing the first portion of his task. He had entered in the book the name of every director, together with the amount of money each had paid, and was ready for further instructions from Jenny.

"Now, we must decide how much you are to give each week," she said. "I thought we might charge the other boarders two dollars, and you just half of that."

Both Ikey and Jack thought that such an arrangement would be fair; but Sam insisted that the directors, since they were to contribute ten dollars each, ought not be charged anything for board.

"What difference does it make if the thing is a success?" asked Ikey. "We 're to divide the profits, an' then we shall get it back; but if we don't pay any board at first, Jenny can't get the place started."

Even Jack could understand that it was necessary for the stockholders to be charged a certain amount each week; and although Sam was not convinced, he was forced to content himself with the arrangement. Jenny had decided that the five directors should occupy the room in which they had slept the night previous, and she would thus have seven other rooms to let. By careful stowing she thought that at least four boys might sleep in each room, and if she could fill the house with boarders, she would have twenty-eight, without including her partners. This, she thought, would be quite as large a family as she and her mother could care for.

"That will give us fifty-six dollars a week from the boarders, and five dollars from you boys," she said, triumphantly. "Out of all that money we ought to make a good profit."

The directors were fairly staggered by the immensity of the prospective revenue, and Sam was even more certain than he had been before that it was an injustice to ask the partners to contribute more than the original amount. He did not advance any further arguments on the question, however, because he had a plan to propose, to which he was anxious that all should agree, and he was willing to let the matter of paying board rest for a while.

"If you get so many boarders as that, it 'll be like a reg'lar hotel, won't it?" he asked.

Jenny was not prepared to claim quite as much for the boarding-house; but she admitted that they had an opportunity to do a large amount of business.

"Then I 'll tell you how it oughter be fixed," said Sam, as he stood in front of the fire, where all could see and hear him without difficulty. "You 'll want a clerk to take care of the fellers that board here—somebody, you know, who 'll see that they pay their bills, an' don't kick up any rows, an' all that kind of thing. Now, if you say the word, I 'll rig up a counter—jest like the counters they have in hotels—in the entry close by the front door, an' I 'll be the clerk."

As he ceased speaking, Sam looked around, as if he expected to see approval of his very brilliant plan written on every face; but in this he was disappointed. No one appeared to think that there was any necessity for a clerk, and his brother directors even laughed at the idea.

"That 's jest a plan of yours to get rid of doin' any work," said Tom, as soon as it was possible for

him to speak. "We don't want any clerk here, Sam. But I'll tell you what we'll do after we get the house runnin' all right; we'll buy a glass case, an' put you in it for the boarders to look at when they want to see somethin' funny."

"All right," said Master Tousey, indignantly, as he went into the darkest and coldest corner of the room, in order to deprive the others of even a sight of himself. "You run this house your way, an' I can tell you now that it won't last very long. Duddy Foss said the thing would bust up before Christmas, an' I'll bet he's right."

This time both Jenny and her mother joined in the general merriment at the expense of the would-be clerk, who had just prepared himself for a long fit of the sulks, when Pinney burst into the room, looking very cold but equally triumphant.

"I've fixed it!" he cried, holding the door open so that the wind blew a wintry blast directly on November's head, which caused Mrs. Parsons literally to drag the excited boy inside, that the baby might be protected from the cold. "If the folks 'round here don't know that we've found a youngster, it won't be my fault. Come an' look!"

They all, excepting the old lady and November, followed Pinney out on the doorstep, where by the light of the street lamp they saw, fastened to the side of the house, a large sheet of brown paper on which had been printed in variously shaped letters the following announcement:

FOUND — A BABY
ENKIRE INSID.

CHAPTER III.

BOARDING-HOUSE RULES.

STRANGE as it may seem, neither Jenny nor her mother appeared to think that Pinney's plan of advertising the finding of the baby was a very brilliant one. Mrs. Parsons at first insisted that he should take the placard down; but the other directors fancied that it was the only manner by which they could let the public know that they had a stray baby, and the old lady reluctantly consented to allow it to remain.

Whatever the others said about it, Pinney was positive that the placard would serve every purpose of an advertisement, and he thought it such a work of art that he felt obliged to go out of doors to look at it several times before he went to bed. In fact, he was so charmed with his own

idea that he conceived a dazzling scheme which he resolved to carry into effect on the following day, but regarding which he was careful not to say a word to any one. He had in his mind what he believed would be a delightful surprise for his partners, as well as for Mrs. Parsons, and more than once he slipped into the adjoining room where he could chuckle over it without betraying his secret.

Sam continued in the sulks during the remainder of the evening, and on the following day he had a long consultation with Duddy Foss, during which, so it was reported on the street, he declared that he wished to sell his interest in the boarding-house because of the ill-treatment he had received from his brother directors.

As a matter of course the other stockholders heard these stories, which were freely circulated among the business acquaintances of both parties; and Tom, Ikey and Pinney asked the would-be boarding-house clerk if he really was anxious to dispose of his interest. The questioners were angry, as Sam could see by their faces, and he began to realize that he had made a mistake; so he said in what he intended should be a confidential tone:

"If I told the fellers anything like that, I was only foolin'; for what would be the use of my sellin' out before the house is really started?"

"Well, Sam, I've got jest this much to say,"—and Tom spoke in a very severe tone,—“we can't have you runnin' 'round talkin' to the fellers as if the thing was near bustin' up, 'cause if they thought that, we could n't get any of them to board with us. You've only put in a dollar an' fifty-five cents, an' whenever you want that back, all you've got to do is to ask us; we'll raise it somehow.”

During the remainder of the day, Master Tousey was more careful how he spoke about the boarding-house. Later in the afternoon, when he heard that Duddy Foss was one of six who were ready to become Jenny's boarders as soon as a room should be ready for them, he felt that it would be necessary for him to be very careful in the future as to what he said, since the boarding-house seemed to be in a better way of success than he had believed.

When the boys started toward home that evening, Pinney was nowhere to be seen, and then it was remembered that he had not been met by any of the party since noon. At that time he had gone away alone, saying to Jack that he should not sell papers in the afternoon, but without explaining why he took a partial holiday. It was unusual for Master White to remain idle except with some very good excuse, for he was ever ready to begin work as early and continue at it as late as any one.

When they entered the house, and before they

had time either to ask any questions or to express their fears, Mrs. Parsons, who was busy giving November his supper, inquired in a decidedly angry tone:

"Has that boy Pinney come yet?"

"Indeed he has n't," began Tom, "an' we don't know —"

"Never mind, you are just as bad as he is, and you may as well try to undo some of the mischief since you encouraged him in it. I want you to go right to work an' take that notice off the house. Don't stop to talk now; but do it at once."

"Why, what is the matter, Mrs. Parsons?" Tom asked, in bewilderment.

"Matter?" repeated the old lady, in great excitement, as she poured several sips of milk over November's chin before she discovered that it was not going down his throat. "That notice has caused us more trouble than a dozen babies."

"But what has the notice done?" asked Tom.

"Done?" cried the old lady. "We have n't had a moment's peace since you went out this morning, for the people that have been coming in. No one seems to have lost a baby; but the moment any one sees that sign, in they come and ask foolish questions about how we found him, and all that sort of thing, until we've hardly had a minute to ourselves to-day. I've tried and Jenny has tried to get it down; but that scamp of a Pinney put it up so high and so hard that we can't budge it."

Now you boys walk right out, and don't you dare to expect a mouthful of supper till every scrap of it is down!"

The boys, dazed by this outburst from the old lady, left the house in silence, seeing nothing comical in the matter until they were on the sidewalk, when Ikey said: "It was lucky for November that

there was n't much milk in that cup, or he'd 'a' been drown'ded sure."

Then they all laughed, as they pictured to themselves a constant stream of visitors invited by Pinney's notice, each boy suggesting some comical and probable incident, until it was almost impossible for them to carry out the old lady's commands, so great was their mirth.

As they seated themselves at dinner, after re-



"TOM, TAKING HOLD OF ONE END OF THE SIGN, FAIRLY BACKED PINNEY OUT OF THE HOUSE."

moving the offending placard, Jenny noticed Pinney's absence for the first time; but before any one could reply to her questions as to where he was, a loud thumping was heard at the door.

November, who had but just fallen asleep, awakened with what Tom called "one of his patent yells." The boys jumped to their feet, fancying

for the instant that some of their enemies were trying to wreck the boarding-house; and general confusion reigned until Jenny opened the door, when the cause of all the uproar was seen to be Pinney, who, staggering under the weight of a long board which he had been using as a knocker, stood on the steps wearing a triumphantly happy smile on his sunburned face. It was evident that he had counted upon making a sensation; but he had succeeded beyond his expectations.

November was screaming lustily. Mrs. Parsons, still angry because of her many callers, was trying at the same time to soothe the baby and look sternly at the cause of her trouble, who marched into the room with the long board which prevented him from closing the door, while the boys and Jenny watched him in silent astonishment.

"There!" said Pinney, trying to put the board in the corner, and knocking the tea-pot from the stove in the attempt. "Well, I did n't mean to do that," he added, as he dropped his burden on Tom's toes in his efforts to help Jenny repair the mischief. "Did n't know where I had gone, did you?" he asked, as he began to wipe the tea from the floor with a dress Mrs. Parsons was making for November.

"Put that down!" cried the old lady, as she darted forward, with the baby in her arms, to save the garment from total ruin. "We did n't care where you had gone; but I wish I'd had you here just a few minutes this afternoon."

"It's too bad I did n't know it, 'cause I could 'a' come up jest as well as not," Pinney said, so unsuspicious of anything but a friendly meaning in Mrs. Parsons' words that the boys fairly shouted in glee. "I reckon this thing I've been workin' at 'll make Dud Foss stare when he sees it! You know how I fixed that notice 'bout findin' the baby?"

"Indeed we do!" replied Mrs. Parsons so emphatically that Pinney would have understood something was wrong if he had not been so engrossed with his latest scheme.

"Well, I've got somethin' here that 'll knock it all holler. I'm goin' to put it right over the front door, an' I tell you it 'll make this house look swell!"

As he spoke, Pinney turned the board over, and held it in his arms so that all might see it plainly.

It was evidently intended for a sign, and despite the paint that had been rubbed from it, which could be plainly seen on various portions of Pinney's waistcoat, one might read these words in Master White's peculiar style of printing:

"JENNYS BORDING HOUS."

"There! What do you think of that?" asked Pinney, triumphantly. And then a look of sur-

prise began to creep over his face as he saw Jenny and the boys shaking in a very curious fashion, while Mrs. Parsons was actually glaring at him.

"Wh-wha-what is it?" stammered Pinney, understanding now that something was wrong.

After a short but painful pause, Mrs. Parsons said impressively:

"Pinney White, take that board out of here! I've had all the trouble with signs of your making that I'm goin' to have."

"But I'm goin' to put this up over the door, so 's folks will know it 's a boarding-house. Some of the paint has got rubbed off; but it won't be much trouble to touch it up agin," explained Pinney.

"Take it away, and never let me catch you putting any more signs on the outside of this house!" cried Mrs. Parsons.

"But you see —," persisted Pinney.

"Better leave quick," whispered Tom; and, taking hold of one end of the sign, he fairly backed Pinney out of the house.

As soon as Tom could control his laughter sufficiently to speak, he told the would-be artist all that he knew regarding the cause of Mrs. Parsons' anger, and concluded by saying:

"You see, Pinney, it won't be very safe for you to bring any more signs 'round here for a good while. You'd better put this board somewhere out of sight, an' come in to dinner."

"But she said she wanted folks to know that we'd found a baby," persisted Pinney, who would not believe that the old lady's anger was caused by so trifling a matter; but he secreted the board, as Tom advised, and the two went in to dinner.

Mrs. Parsons recovered her usual good nature by the time the meal was finished; and as the directors had tired of making sport of Pinney's troubles, Jenny thought best to attend to the important business of the house, even before Ikey had collected such moneys as the stockholders were ready to pay. This she did by saying:

"I've one room arranged so that we can take four boarders to-morrow, and if you boys have earned as much as you did yesterday, I can be ready for four more the day after."

"An' you 're goin' to try to get along 'thout a clerk, are you?" Sam asked.

"Now don't start any more talk about that idea, Sam," said Tom coaxingly. "Let 's choose which four of the fellers we 'll have come here to-morrow."

"Duddy Foss must be one, 'cause he spoke first," and Ikey headed the list of boarders with his name.

"Bart Jones and Bill Sleeper wanted to come when Duddy did," suggested Jack.

"Yes, an' Fen Howard told me that if he

could n't be with the first lot, he would n't come at all," cried Pinney, who was becoming so interested in the opening of the house that he forgot, for the time being, the unpleasant affair of the evening.

"That makes the four," said Tom. "Write the names down, an' we'll tell the other fellers that we will take a new lot every day or two till the place is full."

"If the boarders are comin', we'll have to get the rules posted up, or they won't know how to behave," said Pinney; and then he sighed deeply as he thought how much more attractive the house would have looked with his gorgeously painted sign over the front door.

"Let's go to work an' print out what rules we want," said Ikey, quickly, fearing lest his partners might insist on his doing all the artistic work, if he did not make this suggestion in time.

"Where are you going to put them?" asked Jenny, thinking, perhaps, that slips of paper posted about the house might not be strictly ornamental.

"We'll tack 'em up in the entry, close by the door, an' then the fellers can't help seein' 'em when they come in," said Pinney.

"If we were goin' to have a clerk, he could read the rules to the boarders every mornin' before breakfast, an' then they'd be sure to know what they had to do," suggested Sam.

"We'd have to find a clerk that got up earlier than you do, Sam, for the fellers would all be at work before you were ready," said Tom, laughing; and then he added, "Come on, now! let's get to work an' make the things, so we can go to bed early."

Five minutes later, each of the directors was trying his artistic best, with a lead-pencil and a piece of brown paper, to outdo the others in making his special rule the most ornamental as well as the most useful of the lot.

Pinney finished his first, posting it temporarily on the wall of the sitting-room, where all could see and admire. And below may be found a reproduction of his efforts:

NO FELLER MUST
FOOL WITH NOEMBER

A few moments later, Tom had completed his and placed it below Pinney's. He found it necessary to explain that the figure on the left was intended to represent one of the boarders who was undecided

as to whether he would comply with the rule or not, and that the one on the right was himself in an attitude that would convince even the most stubborn how necessary it was that he should obey. Here is the rule, and if the artist has not made the figure on the right to look as ferocious as the one drawn by Tom, he has copied the rule in other respects very faithfully:

A FELLER CANT CUM
N2 TO THE TABLE TILL
HEZE WORSHT HIS FACE

Ikey's rule was such a one as the treasurer of a corporation might be expected to make; and as he placed it below the others, Jenny decided that it was the best, from a business point of view:

EVERY BODY'S BOARD, AN'
ST BE PAID; RITE UP
2HARP!

Sam felt certain that his rule was one which would meet with the full approbation of his brother directors, and as he placed it by the side of the others, he looked as if half the sting of being refused the position of clerk had been removed from his mind in the satisfaction it afforded him. In addition to its being the most important rule for the boarders to follow, he was confident that it was by far the most ornamental in appearance:

NO FELLER CAN BOZZ
THE PARTNERS OF THIS
HOUSE.

To his great surprise, no one appeared to be delighted with the result of his labors, and Jenny's mother even went so far as to say that she thought it would be unwise to post it with the rest, since some of the boarders might take offense.

"It seems as if I can't do anythin' in this house," he said angrily. "If the other fellers want to do anythin', they do it; but the minute I say what I think, the rest make an awful fuss, like

the one you raised 'bout my bein' clerk. That 's one of the best rules we 've got, 'cause it shows the fellers that they must walk straight."

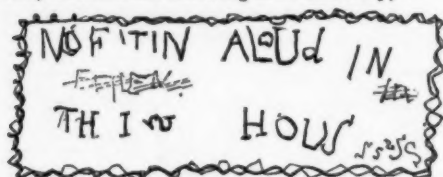
"It shall go up with the others, Sam," said Jenny, soothingly; "but if the boarders should raise any trouble about it, we must tell them you made it."

"Of course you can do that," replied Master Tousey, quickly. "You don't s'pose I'm afraid of any feller that 's coming here to board, do you? They 've got to know who the bosses are, an' that rule 'll show 'em."

"Now let 's see what Jack has made," said Tom, anxious to change the conversation, lest a quarrel should be the result.

"It 's not very much," said Jack, modestly; "but it was all I could think of, an' if the rest of you don't like it, I 'd jest as soon take it down as not."

Then Jack placed by the side of the others his rule, of which the following is an exact copy:



Owing to the rather peculiar method of spelling, the stockholders were at a loss to understand

(To be continued.)

what the author had intended to say, and it was with an air of compassion because of their ignorance, that Jack explained his meaning.

"Can't you see what I 've printed? 'No fightin' allowed in this house'—plain enough for anybody."

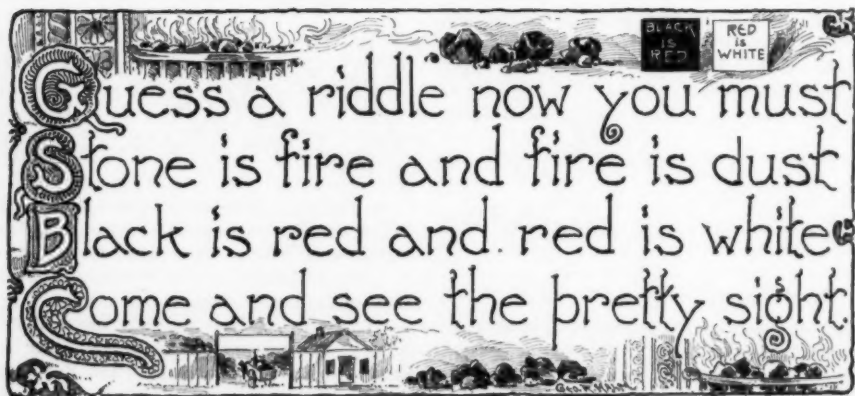
It was plain after the explanation, and every one agreed that it was a good rule, even though it was badly spelled.

"Please paste them up, Ikey," Jenny said; "but I would n't have any more, for I think they won't make the house look very much prettier."

Ikey did as he had been requested, and when his labor was concluded, he intimated that it would be well for the directors to pay such money into the treasury as they could afford, in order to lessen as much as possible the amount of their indebtedness. He had enough to complete his payment of ten dollars, as he showed his partners; and although the others could not do as well, they contributed, according to their means, their profits from the day's work.

Something over five dollars was the amount Jenny received; and with that she believed it would be possible to furnish another room, providing she did not spend too much for food.

"If you jest have *enough*, it don't make much difference what it is," Ikey said; and all agreed that quantity, not quality, should be the rule in providing for the table.



READY FOR BUSINESS; OR, CHOOSING AN OCCUPATION.*

A SERIES OF PRACTICAL PAPERS FOR BOYS.

BY GEORGE J. MANSON.

A COMMERCIAL TRAVELER.

"HERE comes a missionary!"

And the bluff Westerner who made the remark pointed to a slim, well-dressed young man who jumped briskly off the train and walked quickly up the main business street toward the best hotel in the place.

The young man did not look like a missionary; he did not act as if he were one; and his trunk, larger than the largest "Saratoga," was not, to all appearance, such a one as missionaries usually carry. The fact is, he was not a missionary; he was a commercial traveler, sometimes called a "drummer." Some people in the West call these active gentlemen "missionaries,"—I suppose because they come to them from afar.

The young man registered at a hotel. After he had been in the city about an hour, he found a number of gentlemen, young, old, and middle-aged, who were engaged in the same general industry of disposing of goods by sample. There was one man who represented the chocolate trade, another the jewelry business, another suspender manufacturing, another the paper business; there was a manufacturer's representative, a man in the silk line, and a man who took orders for railway supplies.

These were the commercial travelers, drummers, salesmen, agents, representatives, or whatever name they chose to call themselves, whom he saw. He might have seen others who represented dry goods, fancy goods, domestic lace goods, imported lace goods, hardware, harness, tailors' trimmings, ladies' trimmings, fringes, buttons, shoes, books, plumbers' ware,—in fact, he might have seen a salesman for almost every important trade and business you can mention. This shows the scope of the occupation. The census of 1870 stated the number of persons engaged in it to be 7262; while, ten years later, the census of 1880 put the figure at 28,158.

The future traveling salesman, at the age of about fifteen, enters the occupation he prefers, and learns the business. That is, he learns all about the "line" of goods he is going to sell,—the prices, the various qualities, the details of manufacture; in short, every useful fact that he can gather.

If the boy, by the time he is eighteen or twenty, has gained a complete knowledge of the goods he is to sell, he starts out "on the road." After he has recovered from his surprise at seeing the countless number of brisk young gentlemen who have chosen the same occupation that he has, he will be painfully startled at one feature of the calling. He has always been taught that the young, the energetic, the pushing, active, buoyant young man is the young man to succeed and make his way in the great battle of life. He is young, energetic, pushing, active, buoyant (at least he *was* buoyant when he started); but he soon finds, in spite of all these admirable qualities, that the old men get ahead of him. Merchants gaze upon our young friend coldly, but to some gouty old salesman of forty-five or fifty they give a hearty shake of the hand, and cry out: "Welcome, old boy, I am glad to see you!"

As Artemas Ward used to say: "Why is this thus?"

Well, it is because the merchants don't know the young man; he is just starting in; he is "green." They like the old fellow because his face is familiar to them. These old salesmen do well, and it must be admitted that they are often a sore hindrance to the success of their younger brethren; but a plucky young man will not be discouraged—he will work all the harder to be successful. And here and there, too, will be found instances where, through careless habits, or too great a reliance on social popularity, and too little on a thorough knowledge of his business, the older salesman will be beaten by the younger man, who has taken pains to keep himself better informed on matters relating to the trade.

No general rule can be laid down as to where the salesmen travel. Generally they go over a certain territory previously agreed upon. The Eastern circuit, as it is usually called, is from New York to Portland, Maine, and from Providence, R. I., to Springfield, Mass., the large towns between these places being visited on the way. The New York State circuit reaches as far as Cleveland, and includes all the important places on the line of the Erie and the Central Railroads. A salesman for the Southern circuit will probably cover the territory from Pittsburg to New Orleans, not going west of the Mississippi River; while a

* Copyright by G. J. MANSON, 1884.

"drummer" for the Western section will start from Pittsburg and go through to Missouri, which is usually the limit of this means of trade in that direction, although travel is gradually reaching beyond that point. A few firms in the dry goods business now send their agents to California. Traveling is nearly always done by night. Time being very precious, the days must be given up to work. No "license" is required to sell goods, except in one or two of the Southern States, and there, through some technicality of the law, its payment, as a direct fee, is often not required.

The salesman travels almost throughout the twelve months of the year, though the length of his tour depends in large degree upon the kind of business in which he is engaged. For instance, dry goods agents are sometimes away for a year at a time, going on very long trips, while the representative of a jeweler will take only short journeys, and will return to New York, or the city where he has his headquarters, once in every six or eight weeks. One man, having been absent from his hearth-stone nearly all the time for five years, remarked gravely to a friend that he thought of retiring from the business, not because he was not making money, but because he wished to get acquainted with his family.

While soliciting orders, the commercial traveler has, as a rule, enough to do to occupy his time. Sometimes it will happen that he has only two or three firms to see in a city, and then finds himself unable to catch a train to his next destination for several hours. But such instances are rare.

Salesmen start on their journeys at all times of the year, dependent upon the trade they represent and the length of the "season" they are selling for. In the winter, they are soliciting orders for goods that people will need in the summer. From July until Christmas is the busiest time for those who sell furs for the winter, and the "new styles" in spring goods, which, when they are placed in the retail store, will furnish a pleasant and inexhaustible fund of talk for our sisters and our mothers. Each particular business has its "season," while in a few industries there may be as much demand at one time of the year as at another.

As to the pay, or, rather, the earnings, of salesmen, the minimum amount may be placed at \$800, and the maximum at \$5000 a year, though there are salesmen who make more than this. There is no other occupation, perhaps, where the earnings depend more absolutely upon the man himself. There are three methods of remuneration:

1. A man may be paid a salary. He comes to a store, and says to the firm: "I am Mr. Sell-

well; you have heard of me? Very good. Now, I wish to make a change; and if you will pay me a salary of \$5000, I will guarantee to sell for your house — thousand dollars' worth of goods, within a year" (stating, of course, the value of the goods which he will agree to sell).

The firm may not accept his offer; but we will say that Dhrygoods & Co. have heard of this man; they know he is a good man to have, and they know when he comes to their house he wishes to make a permanent engagement; it would be very foolish for him to say he could sell such an amount of goods and then fail to do it. In order to keep the respect of business men, if for no other reason, he would use every effort to accomplish what he had promised. And so Dhrygoods & Co. engage him.

2. A man may be paid a salary and also a commission on what he sells.

3. He may not be paid any salary, but work on commission entirely.

In the majority of cases, one of the first two plans is adopted. But whatever the plan may be, the price he is paid for his services depends entirely on the amount of goods he can sell. And it seems to be an axiom among business men that the high-priced travelers are the cheapest in the end. Sometimes an agent will be confined to a comparatively small district, say New York State. He will work on commission, and will receive a commission on all the country orders in his district, whether they have been given to him or not. The reason for this is because his employer wishes the agent in every way to build up the trade of the house, and to make a thorough canvass of the places to which he is sent, instead of calling only on the best customers, which might alienate the smaller houses which he had slighted.

Hotel and traveling expenses are nearly always borne by the firm for which he is traveling. A salaried man has his salary and his expenses; but a man working on a commission may receive a high commission, and pay his own expenses. A man's expenses, of course, vary according to the amount of his baggage and his style of hotel living. The matter of sample-trunks — square, double-boarded, iron-bound, monstrous affairs — is a large item in the expense account. If he can do so, he will endeavor always to stop at the best hotels. But sometimes, of course, he will be obliged to put up at a poorer house, and murmur, like Touchstone: "When I was at home, I was in a better place; but travelers must be content."

When the salesman takes an order in his book (usually a common blank book), he makes a copy

of it on a printed slip about seven inches long, with some such heading as this:

Order No. (1) (2) 188 ..

..... (3)

Please send the following goods to

..... (4)

..... (5) Salesman.

Terms (6) Time (7) Ship via (8)

| (9) | (10) | (11) | | |
|-----|------|------|--|--|
| | | | | |
| | | | | |
| | | | | |
| | | | | |

Explanation.—1. Number of the order taken by salesman. 2. Date of taking the order. 3. Name of firm for whom he works. 4. Name of firm ordering the goods. 5. Name of salesman. 6. Terms of payment, as 5-30; that is, five per cent. off the bill, if paid within thirty days. 7. The time (so many months hence) within which the bill must be paid. 8. The "line" by which goods are to be shipped. 9. The number of the "lot" from which goods have been bought. 10. The quantity bought. 11. The price charged.

A successful salesman does his best to interest a man; if he can induce the merchant to look at his goods, the chances are that he will make a sale. If the merchant does not buy the particular article to which his attention has been called, he may purchase something else. Then, too, a salesman must inspire confidence in the buyer, and I suppose the best way to inspire confidence is to have confidence in the goods one is selling and in the work one is doing. The salesman must not be afraid, as some are in starting out, to ask a good, fair profit on his goods. And he must make a study

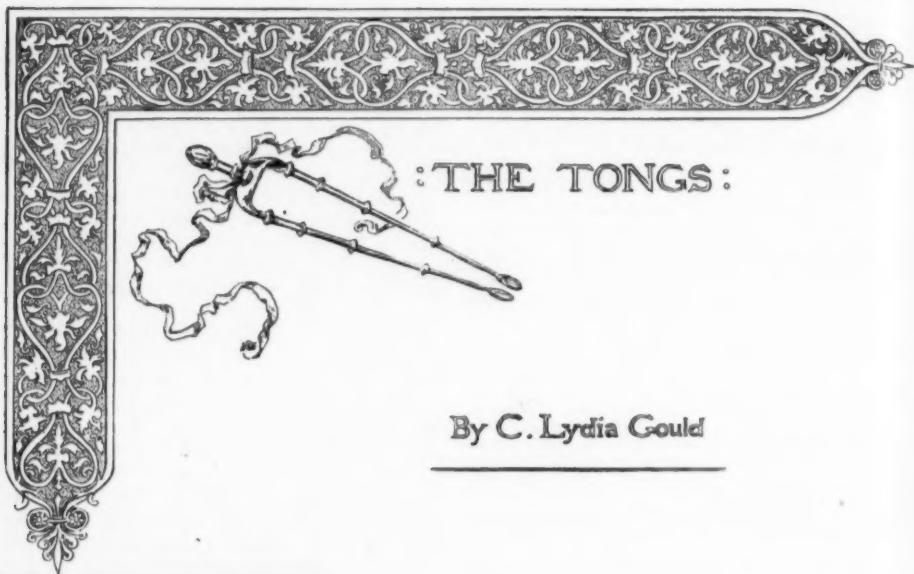
of the moods of men. One man will say "no" when he means "yes"; another will tell him to "call again" when he might just as well remain and make a sale. He should stick to one business. Some young men have a smattering of half a dozen occupations, but a thorough knowledge of none. His object is to sell all the goods he can, and, finally, if possible, to become a member of the firm for which he is working.

A good salesman will heed his own work and mind his own business. He will not talk about his sales to his salesmen acquaintances, or, to use a stronger term, salesmen friends. "Thy friend," says the Talmud, "hath a friend, and thy friend's friend hath a friend; be discreet."

Commercial travelers are convivial, smart, good-natured fellows. They meet one another far away from home. Is it any wonder that they should be friendly, and like to get together and tell stories and exchange experiences? Up to a certain point, this is all well enough, but many of them get into habits that are likely to do them much harm. On long journeys such as I have mentioned, many temptations must come to a young man. In the excitement and companionship to be met with in large cities, or in the dullness often experienced in small towns and villages, he will be urged many a time to become a party to that most pernicious and silly of all habits—"treating." For the sake of his health and business success, if for no better reasons, the young salesman should refuse to partake of strong drink. Let him, at the commencement of his career, firmly but good-naturedly, decline all such invitations; not in a churlish or Pharisical way, but courageously from a simple love of decency and of the principles which should animate a true gentleman.



THE FATE OF THE MAN WHO WAS TOO EASILY SURPRISED.



By C. Lydia Gould



*COME forth, old Tongs, from chimney-place!
Perchance your history well may grace
Some rhythmic page of poet's skill,—
At least, some corner snugly fill.*

*What would'st thou tell of all the years
That swift have flown,— the hopes and fears
That mark Dame Fashion's onward way,
Whose mandate human folk obey?*

*A quiet voice methinks I hear.
In mute attention I draw near,
To listen to your story gay,—
Or grave, perchance; speak on, I pray.*

In shining steel of brightest hue
I stood, when first this world I knew.
A grand success all said was mine,
For, surely, I was bound to shine.

In parlor grand I then was placed—
A quiet little corner graced;
My mate the shovel, too, was there,
Just opposite, all bright and fair.

And of that home,— why, words would fail,
In this not very lengthy tale,
To speak its wonders, sing its praise;
Suffice, I wished no better days.

But time rolled on, and lo ! a change :
Self-feeders, grates, and modern range
Came trooping in, to my dismay :
Alas ! I knew I 'd had my day.

Then forth I went, and up the stairs
To dingy garret. There the wares
Of bygone years lay side by side,
And there I knew I must abide.

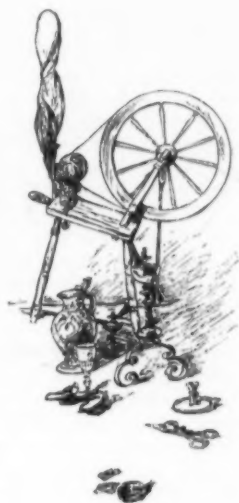
In dusky silence sped the years ;
Alternate were my hopes and fears,
Till Time, great worker of all change,
At last my rescue might arrange.

From cobwebbed nook, from dusty wall,
Came, at the relic-hunter's call,
A rusty train of antique wares ;
And marshaled forth, we went downstairs.

Such din, I ween, was never heard :
The spinning-wheel to spinning stirred ;
The bellows blew and puffed and wheezed ;
We all with frantic joy were seized.

In pleasant room each finds a place,
While I my little corner grace ;
My mate the shovel, too, is there,
Just opposite, all bright and fair.

If now a lesson you would learn,
It is — of patience for your turn ;
For good and ill must both have room
Within the web of Life's great loom.





WHAT A BOY SAW IN MADEIRA.

BY D. H. TRIBON.

ONE of my young friends, whose name is George Tyler, once took a three-years' cruise in a man-of-war, and during the cruise he made a visit to Madeira. He was very glad when the ship dropped her anchor at Funchal, the port of Madeira, and very anxious to get ashore to see the island. When his turn came to go ashore, George and a friend of his called one of the many boats that continually surrounded the ship, and, stepping into it, were soon landed on the beach.

Leaving the boatman, George and his friend walked up to the open square which is quite near the water, and sat down for a moment to look about them.

Here under the shade of the trees with which the square is planted, they saw quite a number of the inhabitants. The peasants attracted their attention at once; George thought the little funnel-shaped caps which most of the men and some of the women wore, were the oddest he had ever seen. A group of beggars soon grew so troublesome with their pitiful petitions that George and his friend were glad to leave the square for a saunter through the streets. These they found curiously paved with small pebbles, and very slippery. George's feet, unaccustomed to the small paving-stones, soon grew tired, and, as there are no sidewalks in the city, he suggested to his companion that they should hire one of the "street-cars," as he called the "bullock carts" on runners.

Engaging one of these at six hundred *reis* per hour (the *rei* of Madeira is about the same as our mill, or a tenth of a cent), they spent a long time in riding about the city. The driver walked beside the cart with his goad, shouting occasionally

at the top of his voice. His shout consisted of a long succession of calls, "*Ca-oo-oo-oo-ah! Ca-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-ah!*" preceded or followed by Portuguese phrases, which George could not catch. Just ahead walked a boy calling out now and then in his shrill voice, "*Ca para mim boi!*" (Come here to me, oxen!)

The oxen were small, but handsome and well cared for. Occasionally the boy would stop for the cart, and allow first one runner and then the other to pass over a little bag of grease which he carried in his hand. In this way the runners are greased so that they may glide along easily, and this is what makes the street so slippery.

Everything is drawn on runners in Madeira. At the time when George was there, there was but one wheeled carriage on the island. The greater part of the people walk. A few ride in the carts, a few in hammocks borne on men's shoulders, and for long distances they ride horseback. Merchandise is drawn on sledges, many of which are seen in the lower parts of the city.

It was a new experience to George to be where every one spoke a language he could not understand; to ride through the streets hour after hour without seeing a single carriage on wheels; to be in a land where every month has its flowers, and bees gather honey summer and winter; where fruit succeeds fruit through all the seasons, and the air is soft and mild through all the year.

When he went off to the ship at night, and saw the beautiful island in the shade, with its many lights far up and far along the hillside, and heard bells now and then breaking the silence of the night, he could hardly realize that it was not

all a dream from which he should awake the next morning wondering whither the beautiful island had vanished.

But when he went on deck the next morning, there it was, far more beautiful in the sunlight than it was the night before. George was charmed with the wonderful lights and shades which the passing clouds produced on the many mountain-sides, and he wondered how a simple collection of mountains could be so lovely. The sea was smooth, but the long swells came in from the Atlantic, and, breaking on the shingly beach, formed a fitting frame for the picture.

There is a church at Funchal, nearly two thousand feet above the level of the sea, called the church of "Our Lady of the Mount," which George had watched from the ship, and which he set out to visit the next time he was allowed to go ashore. Accompanied by his friend, he went to a stable to hire a horse to ride up the hill. After some delay in making a bargain, they were seated in their saddles. Each horse was attended by a "*burriqueiro*," or horseboy, and as soon as they were ready each *burriqueiro* seized the tail of his horse, and shouted a little Portuguese command. Away they went at a brisk pace, the boys following. Coming to a comparatively level place in the road, they struck into a run, trying to see if they could shake these boys off. They did not succeed, for the little fellows clung to the horses' tails, and never thought of letting go or giving up. It was nearly three miles to the church by the way they went, and in some places the road was so steep that there were steps cut for the horses to place their feet.

At first, the road was walled in, so that they saw nothing but the tops of the houses and the trees in the gardens. In many places the walls were overhung with flowers of different hues which

filled the air with a grateful perfume. Farther up, the walls were not so high, and a little beyond, there were none at all. Myriads of lizards were basking in the sun, but they were not poisonous; indeed there are no poisonous reptiles on the island. The horses walked up the hill very rapidly, and the boys followed as easily as if they were walking for pleasure. They stopped to rest but once, and in little more than half an hour were at the church.

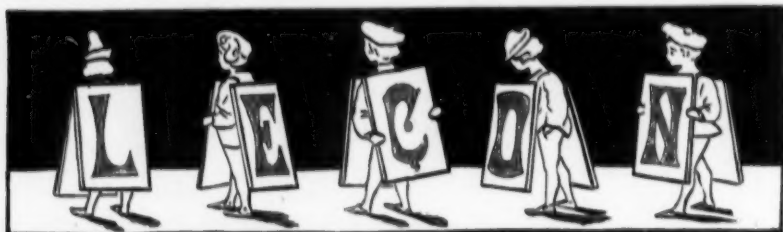
They sent their horses back to the stables, for they were to go down in a quite different way. The view from the church steps comprises all the town, the harbor with its shipping, and the broad Atlantic.

But George was too much excited at the thought of descending the hill to care much about the view, and he hurried his friend to the sledge-stand near by. Here he selected his sledge, which is made of willow, stoutly braced and placed on runners. With one attendant on each side and one behind, every one holding on with a leathern thong in his hand, the sledge was started. They dashed down the steep way as a boy slides downhill in winter, and the skillful attendants guided the sledge, no matter how fast it went, with a dexterity that has often surprised older and more experienced travelers than George. Down they went with fearful rapidity, turning corners without upsetting, but with long slides to leeward, always going on, with many an exclamation from George, who could not feel quite safe while flying at so furious a rate. In nine minutes they were at the foot of the hill, more than two miles from the church.

George thought that this beat all the sliding downhill that he had ever imagined, and he would gladly have walked back for the sake of another slide if he could have found any one to go with him.

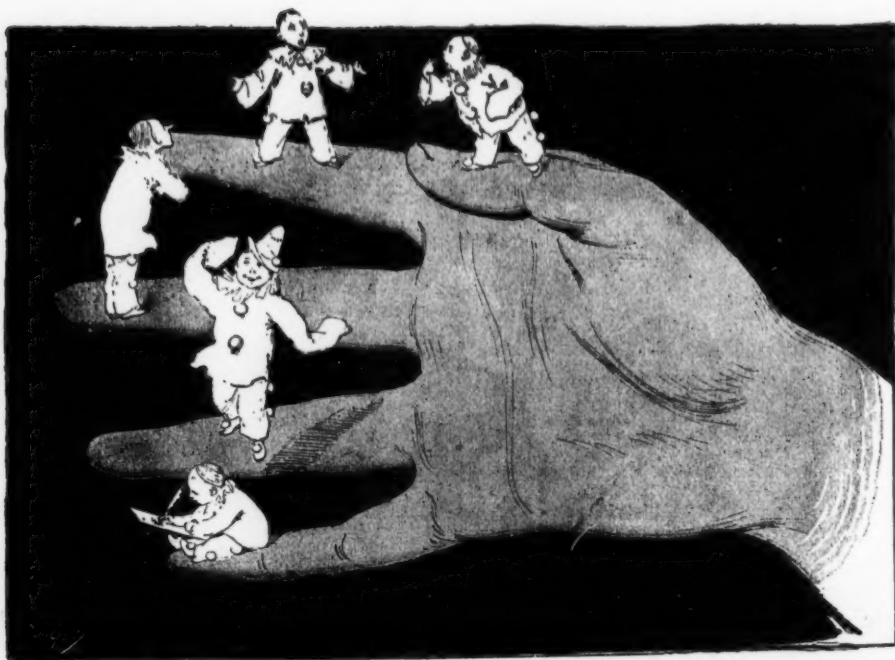


WHO CAN READ THIS LITTLE



LA MAIN.

LE pouce, le premier des cinq doigts de la main,
 Dit au second : "Ah ! que j'ai faim !"
 L'index, le second, dit : "Nous n'avons pas de pain."
 Le doigt du milieu : "Comment faire ?"
 "Comme on pourra !" dit l'annulaire.
 "Pieù ! pieù ! pieù !" dit le plus petit,
 "Qui travaille vit,
 Qui travaille vit."





BY ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.

"WHAT can you see with that big eye of yours?" asked Tommy, as he climbed upon a chair, and gazed fixedly at a tall peacock feather in a vase on his mother's table.

"Alas!" sighed the Peacock Feather, "I can not see anything."

"Not see anything, with so beautiful an eye? Why, what is your eye for?"

"I don't know," said the Peacock Feather, sadly. "But I think," it added, timidly, after a moment—"I think there are some other people who have eyes and can't see."

"Yes, I know," said Tommy, quickly,—"blind people."

"No, I don't mean blind people; I mean people who have eyes and could see, but won't see."

"I don't wish to contradict you," said Tommy, politely. "But I really don't think there are any such people."

"Well," said the Peacock Feather, thoughtfully, "tell me something *you* can see. You have very bright eyes. I wonder if you always see everything there is to be seen?"

"My mother says I do."

"Well, tell me something that you see."

"I see," said Tommy, gazing wildly about, as

if he saw so much that he could not possibly limit his vision to one thing, "I see—I see a tree!"

"But I can't see a tree, you know, so I have n't the least idea what a tree is. You must describe it to me. How does a tree grow? or does n't it grow at all? What is it made of? What feeds it? Do the leaves fall off in winter, or do they stay on? Does it bear fruit, or only flowers, or does n't it even have any flowers? What colors the leaves green? If the leaves turn red in the autumn, what makes them red? What is a tree good for? Did it grow wild where you see it, or was it planted there? How many kinds of trees are there? What effect on the amount of rain in any country does the number of trees have? What——"

"Dear me!" interrupted Tommy. "Wait a minute. You can't expect a fellow to see all that."

"No," said the Peacock Feather, quietly; "I did n't. I thought you were one of the people who have eyes and yet can't see."

"Oh, but see here!"

"Is it kind of you," inquired the Feather with dignity, "to tell me to 'see here,' when you know I can't see?"

"Excuse me, please," said Tommy, blushing violently to think he had hurt the Feather's feelings. "What I meant to say was 'look here!'"

"And of what use is it to me to *look* when I can't *see*?" demanded the Feather, a little snappishly.

"Oh, no!—yes!—of course!" stammered Tommy in embarrassment. "I only meant to tell you that I don't see all those things you asked about now; but I *could* see them if I had a mind to."

"If you had a mind to? What is that? I suppose I could see them, if I had a mind to."

Now this was a very old joke indeed; a joke as old as the funny things that Charles Lamb used to say; but then you could hardly expect a Peacock Feather to have read Charles Lamb, and the poor thing thought it was saying something original.

"Yes, of course you could; but this is the difference, you see —"

"You *what*?" snapped the Feather.

"Excuse me; I meant to say, 'You *know*'; this is the difference: you have n't any *mind* to see with, and I have n't any mind to *see*. What I mean is, that there's a kind of an eye in my mind that can see all those things you asked me about whenever I choose to make it. If I chose to go and read a lot of books, and ask my father a lot of questions, and listen to a lot of my teachers' lectures, I should soon know every one of those things you asked me about. It's a kind of an eye inside of me, and I can open it and find out things whenever I please. Now, *you* have n't any mind, you know; and so of course you could never understand any of these things, if you tried ever so hard. See?"

"Yes, I see," answered the Feather, thoughtfully.

"But I thought you could n't see," retorted Tommy, a little wickedly, rather pleased at having at last caught the Feather who had tripped him up so many times in his remarks.

"Oh, I am seeing with my inner eye," answered the Feather, calmly. "I, too, have a kind of an eye inside of me. It is not a mind's eye,—of course I don't make any pretension towards having a mind,—but it's a very good eye of its kind, and it sees some things very clearly. It sees, for instance, that a little boy who could see and won't take the trouble to see is a much more pitiable being than a poor Feather who could n't see anything if it should try a year. Do you really mean to

say," it added with increasing emphasis, lifting all its little fibers in astonishment to its face, as a light breeze swept through the room—"do you really mean to say, little boy, that you actually *have a mind, and that you don't care anything about it*?"

"Oh, yes! I care about it, some," answered Tommy, sheepishly.

"But not enough to take the trouble to open your mind's eye very wide. Very well; good-bye, little boy."

And the Feather waved its delicate fibers again, as if to dismiss so insignificant an object from its presence.

"So I'm a 'pitiable being,' am I," muttered Tommy, as he pushed his chair back against the wall, "just because I don't happen to know everything there is to be known about trees? Well, I guess the Feather is right about that inner eye of its own; it certainly saw some things that never struck me before. I've a great mind——"

"You've a great mind!" repeated the Feather, with delicate irony. "Have you, indeed, a great mind?"

"I mean, Feather," said Tommy, with a very low and polite bow—"I mean, that, having a mind, I'm going to make it a great mind if I can. I'm going to begin with finding out all that you asked me about the trees. I *can* find out, if I choose to, and I'm going to choose to. You will see to-morrow how much I shall know."

"I shall see, to-morrow?" exclaimed the Feather, delightedly.

"Oh, no, no, I beg your pardon! I did n't mean to excite any false hopes in your heart. I meant to say that you will *hear* to-morrow how wise I have become. You see, you know, you are really so intelligent, and have such a very beautiful eye, that I keep forgetting your limitations."

"Little boy," said a soft voice, with a sigh, as Tommy closed the door, "appreciate your opportunities!"

And Tommy went to school half an hour earlier than usual that day, and was so very attentive, and asked so many intelligent questions, that his teachers were greatly delighted. But it all came from his interview with a Peacock Feather, and from his discovering how sad a thing it is to have eyes and yet not to be able to see.

PAUL AND NICOLAI IN ALASKA.

BY M. L. TIDBALL.



"SEIZING THE ROPE, SHE MADE OFF WITH THE SLED." (SEE PAGE 368.)

CHAPTER I.

THE THEFT OF THE SLED.

NICOLAI NICOLOFF stood on the shore at Sitka watching the Russian ships as they disappeared on the horizon, carrying with them his best companions. He brushed a tear away with the back of his chubby hand, and turned resolutely home to the pilot's house. It was hard to carry a cheerful face to the little lame sister.

Alaska had been sold to the Americans; and all was now finished, to the very last. The Russian Prince Maksoutoff and his pretty wife had sailed away to-day, taking with them every Russian—even, every one that claimed to be a Russian—save only the few, the very few, who remained behind from choice, unwilling to forsake their only home.

Nicolai, or Collia, as he was most often called, trudged along, gulping down great sighs, which ended in groans, half of anger, half of desolation. Had he not a right to be angry as well as desolate? For to-day his Russian mother, of whom he had been so proud and fond, had deserted her home, her husband, and her children. This day she had gone back to her Russia, taking the pretty daughter Alickneeda.

The boy, with an impatient shake of his shoulders, followed for a short distance the road leading from the deserted wharf, and then turned into an open square. Around this square were built substantial log houses, some of them rude stores, some already the homes of American officers.

On an eminence to the right stood a clumsy pile of buildings, once the Prince's palace, now the home of the American commandant.

As Nicolai approached the rude, ice-covered

steps that led to this "palace," a cheery voice called to him from the height above; and he stopped, half reluctant to be seen in such a plight of grief, yet from long habit of obedience not thinking to disobey a summons.

A fur cap was lifted from a crown of yellow curls and waved to him with swift impatience. "Ho, Collia! here is my sled. Come with me to the Indian River!"

Even as he shouted, a little lad coasted perilously down a steep pathway near the steps, and in the next moment stood beside Collia.

Paul, the son of the new American commandant, was a handsome lad; and he looked so brave and friendly as he smiled a welcome at Nicolai, that our poor little Russki already felt almost comforted.

Boy-like, they darted off together; and a brisk run soon brought them to the Greek church, whose clamoring chime of bells was calling the Aleuts and Indians to one of its frequent services. Here they found a group of Indians, who half filled the open space in front and quite blocked the sidewalk. They were not collected for any devotional purpose; but squatted cross-legged in the snow and ice, idly gossiping and gambling with one another.

Paul and Nicolai, in order to pass them, turned from the walk into the rough frozen road; and the little sled, dragging behind Paul, brushed too closely the outstretched foot of an Indian girl. With a sharp, angry cry, she immediately gave chase to the boys, who ran on, unconscious of any offense. When within reach of Paul, she snatched his hat from his head, and tossed it far out into the untrodden snow, while with saucy lips she pelted him with some rather rude Chenook words.

When Paul, on turning, found his assailant was only a little Indian girl of his own height, his first impulse of anger gave way to a merry laugh, and dropping the rope of his sled, he stepped out into the drift to recover his insulted cap.

The girl watched him with a malicious gleam in her great black eyes. He had not gone many feet out into the drift, when, with a sudden toss, she drew her Indian blanket over her arms, and, seizing the rope of the deserted sled, made off with it, leaping and bounding like a young deer. Every now and then she threw over her shoulder a defiant whoop, and was almost at once out of reach of the two astonished boys. Nicolai was the first to give chase, and he called to his comrade to follow. The girl ran back upon the straight road, or street, over which they had just come, until she reached the open square; then, turning abruptly to the right, and running along that side of the square until beyond its nearest corner, she came to a gate in a heavy barricade of upright logs.

This gate connected the Indian village with the

white settlement. But at sundown the Indians, who had the freedom of the garrison by day, were marched home, their unwilling steps closely followed by a sentinel, who barricaded the gate and kept guard until sunrise.

CHAPTER II.

IN A TIGHT PLACE.

It was still an hour before sunset, and there was neither sentinel nor other observer when Alounka, the Indian girl, with a last whoop of triumph, slipped through the gate and, all breathless, ran into the market-building. In this great open shed, the Indian hunters every morning sold venison and other game; here squaws brought the earliest salmon-berries, blueberries, and cranberries; and here fishermen sold their salmon, halibut, and the oily eulachon, or candle-fish, which is used literally as its name suggests.* These commodities were the main dependence of the garrison. The building was deep, and in its distant corners dark enough for a refuge. Alounka thrust herself and the sled under a pile of deer-skins—and waited.

Collia arrived at the gate shortly behind the girl, but waited for Paul to join him, and there the two took counsel. Collia knew well enough the treachery of their dark-skinned neighbors, and he quickly explained to Paul, the stranger boy, how great a risk they both must run to enter this village unprotected and claiming stolen property.

But Paul was too angry and impatient to listen to prudent counsel, and brushing past his little Aleut friend he entered the village and stood for one moment in front of the market-place, uncertain what to do next. Alounka was nowhere in sight. Before him was an apparently empty shed running parallel with the beach, its back to the water and its black opening facing him.

Far along the shore stretched, one after the other, great, clumsy structures of hewn logs—the Indian houses. Paul had arrived in Sitka only a few days before, and, except from shipboard, had not yet seen this curious place. In front of each structure was planted a huge pole, or log, elaborately carved, called a *totem*.

These poles looked like dreadful monsters to the boy's unaccustomed eyes. They were gayly painted in all colors—one hideous head rising out of and over another, and one hideous frog, reptile, or figure rising out of another, continuously, in an ugly, confused mass, looming to the height of an enormous Alaska cedar. These threshold guardians, standing solemnly one in front of each round entrance, looked so horrid and forbidding,

*See p. 393, ST. NICHOLAS for March, 1886.

that the American boy, hesitating, turned—to find Nicolai standing beside him, pale and quiet, but plainly resolved not to leave him.

The market seemed quite deserted and empty; so, after a brief survey, Paul and Collia left it, and ran through the Indian village its whole length, searching as they went, not venturing yet to enter a lodge, but looking closely at groups of Indians, in the hope of finding Alounka.

In a few moments, the boys themselves became objects of interest and curiosity, and they were soon surrounded, and their progress blocked by a leer-

uttered a few rapid words to one of the largest braves, at the same time gesticulating angrily and pointing at Paul and Collia. Before the boys could quite realize what had happened, they were seized and roughly dragged toward the opening that answered for a door in one of the Indian houses.

These openings are the only means of entrance, except by the roof, and are at a considerable height from the ground. The two boys were lifted, hustled, hurried through one of the holes, and immediately found themselves in a large apartment, or



"STILL HOLDING PAUL'S HAND, COLLIA FACED THE EXCITED INDIANS." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

ing crowd. Braves, squaws, papposes pressed around, and peered curiously into their faces; shaggy, wolf-like dogs snuffed and snarled at the heels of the new-comers, who with difficulty maintained a brave appearance.

They were returning toward the market-place, when suddenly, Paul quite forgot the crowd around him at sight of Alounka, whom he now beheld lazily sauntering on the beach, skipping pebbles over the water and apparently unconscious of their presence. He ran quickly toward her; and Alounka, turning at the same instant to face him,

rather square court. A fire burned on the earthen floor, the smoke disappearing overhead through a large opening in the roof. A wooden platform ran around the sides of the court, and many small doors opened upon the platform. These doors, Nicolai afterward told Paul, belonged to tiny rooms, each occupied by an Indian family.

Many Indians were already assembled there, and a large number swarmed in after the boys, until the space was filled. For some moments there was a very bedlam of voices. Alounka and the large brave were prominent in an apparent dispute with

two powerful Indians who had risen from their pipes on the entrance of Alounka and her captives. These two Indians talked apart with Alounka. She had drawn her scarlet blanket closely around her, squaring her shoulders and elbows, and lifting a defiant, wayward, mocking face, as she answered them daringly.

The blanket parted below, showing a dark blue cotton slip, or narrow gown, and under it Paul could see a little moccasin every now and then pat the floor impatiently.

Collia held Paul firmly by the hand, and said:

"Be not fear.—Ez gurl is make hers father *minorga cultus* — (much mad).— Wait now.— Be not fear!"

CHAPTER III.

AN UNEXPECTED TURN OF EVENTS.

THE Aleuts are a race small of stature, gentle, and almost timid. Their origin is uncertain, but some wise men believe that they came from Asia, across the Pacific or by Behring's Strait. The Aleuts believe themselves to be Russians, and they speak a Russian dialect, but their appearance is not unlike that of the Chinese. Nothing insults them more than to be thought related to the Indians. Collia, was the son of Father Nicol, the pilot,—as Russians, Aleuts, and Indians called him. Nicol, besides being the skillful and only pilot at Sitka, was also the owner of the Russian baths, to which the whole populace flocked, and was the Aleut of chief influence in the Alaskan capital.

Nicolai Nicoloff was his father's only son and great pride. Collia always went with Father Nicol in the little pilot-boat to meet incoming vessels. There was never weather too stormy for the boy, who had been trained from babyhood to think it gay sport to go tossing over the crests of high waves. Besides his training at the Russian school, Collia, from frequent intercourse with English and American sailors, had picked up bits of their language; so that when the Americans took possession of Sitka, he could understand them, and make himself partly understood in broken English.

Paul, looking at Collia now, saw that he was pale to the lips. Still holding Paul's hand, the little Aleut stepped out into the open space near the fire, and raised one hand high. Standing thus, he faced the excited Indians, and their loud voices became still at a gesture from Annahoots, their chief. Collia now spoke in their own tongue, and his voice was quiet and low. Paul, listening to him, began to feel a sense of protection; and his own fast-beating heart beat less wildly, even though he could not understand this strange language. As the boy continued to speak, in quiet, even tones,

Paul saw that the Indians looked at one another uneasily. Once Collia pointed toward Alounka, and her eyes dropped as she turned half away. Once he drew himself up proudly and looked about into those dark faces, while among a few hurried utterances could be heard the words "Russki" and "Czär." Then followed some rapid, excited speech, as he pointed at Paul, and then, with a gesture of horror, toward the garrison.

He once more drew Paul to him, and, with an arm over his friend's shoulder, made motion among the throng in the direction of the entrance. Paul had not looked for this, and he was astonished to find the Indians give way before the boy. Soon the two again stood under the open sky.

"*Skurrai*, * Paul! *Skurrai*! that they not change. Come!" said Nicolai, as both boys started on a run for the gate.

When almost there, the sound of pursuing feet made them hurriedly glance over their shoulders. They saw close behind them the elfish face of Alounka, and with it, to their terror, that of her scowling father.

This man, Hintza, was a son of Annahoots, chief of the Sitkas. Peaceful old Annahoots wished always to be on good terms with his neighbors; but Hintza, since early youth, had been the means of getting his father into difficulties with the Russians and with the neighboring and remote Indian tribes. Hintza found an enemy in every man he encountered; and he was himself a very terror to his own tribe, since they were frequently at war with other tribes on his account.

When Collia saw that they were pursued by this Indian, a wild terror seized him, but he still held Paul's hand, and urged him on. The boys ran for their lives, but seemed to run in vain, for the Indian gained upon them with every stride. His crooked legs, grown misshapen as they had from a cross-legged existence in a canoe, were yet fleet enough to outstrip his prey; and twenty yards from the gate he seized them both, dragging them roughly behind him toward the nearest lodge.

Both boys cried out for help—but gained nothing by it. Even if the sentinel had already arrived at the gate with the straggling crowd of Indians for the evening barricade, he would only have supposed these cries to come from two papposes getting their usual paternal correction. And so, piteously pleading and struggling, Paul and Collia were now close to the entrance of another prison-house.

But just then something happened to Alounka. Instead of trying to help her father, as he had expected, in this second capture, she was standing apart on the very tip-toe of eager anticipation. Her breath came quickly, and her gaze was fixed, not upon

* Hurry.

the capture which she had instigated, but out upon the water, where, just beyond the almost intercepting market-house, a large black object, surrounded by a multitude of smaller specks, was rounding the point of land swiftly and noiselessly. In another instant, suspicion became certainty. Alounka uttered a peculiar piercing call, which caused everything in the village to change as if by magic.

To Paul and Colliia the whole thing meant only liberty—life. They did not wait to see the gathering braves; their push from shore; the squaws, papposes, and dogs howling on the beach; the fierce battle of the two fleets. They only put speed into their young legs, and hardly noticed the flocking Indians, whom they met rushing through the gate at the call of their tribe.

Even when safely almost across the open square, or parade, they did not slacken speed, but ran as though pursued by both tribes; and so, all breathless, they rushed pell-mell into the arms of an artillery officer, who was hurrying to rouse the guards. Nicolai, the usually stolid, quiet-voiced Aleut, shouted out a torrent of Russian English: "*Skurrai, O Excellenza! Skurrai! Minorga* Kootzenoos! Minorga Chilkats! Minorga Stickines! Seechas† come—plenty come!*"

CHAPTER IV.

CULTUS POTLATCH.

THIS officer, Colonel Wentworth, was Paul's father. He had but lately been placed in command of Alaska. So little was known by the American troops of what they might expect from these northern Indians, that the clam-

or now filling the air was naturally alarming to the whole settlement. In the gathering dusk nothing could be seen, nothing was known. Colonel Wentworth at once discovered that the two boys had seen with their own eyes—something; so, as he rapidly walked to the guard-house, he directed them to keep with him and tell their story.

When they had finished, he knew enough to guide him in stationing his guards in case of an attack.

Then followed an anxious night for the garrison. Officers' wives and children, and many other weak and helpless people, flocked to the palace, feeling safer on the hill, at the foot of which the soldiers were on guard, than they could below, in dangerous neighborhood to the Indian village.



"THE INDIAN GAINED UPON THEM WITH EVERY STRIDE."

Hintza, with a swift glance over his shoulder at the water, loosed his hold of Paul and Colliia, and in that instant forgot them. He, too, gave to the startled village that same piercing call, which was caught up, as though by a thousand echoes, all along the beach. Out from the houses poured a swarm of braves: every man armed, every man rushing to his own seat in his own canoe. The occasion demanded action at once.

Multitudes of canoes, fully manned, pushed out from the beach as with one stroke; and before the invading chief Kauklutz and his monster Chilkat war-boat, with its attendant canoes, were abreast of the market-house, the Sitkas were already there awaiting the attack; both tribes, meanwhile, alarming the garrison with cries of defiance and menace.

* Many.

† Immediately.

The two boys who had so lately been together in a pressing danger were now fast friends. They were at once sent to the hill by Colonel Wentworth, and with them went Nicol, the pilot, and Colli's little lame sister, Ofotia. Paul conducted his three friends to Mrs. Wentworth's presence, relieving at once her motherly anxiety at his prolonged absence, and gaining for his friends a kindly welcome.

Nicolai became the hero of the hour when Paul, with much enthusiasm, told the story of their misadventures.

There was little sleeping throughout that long night. Paul and Colli mixed with the crowd assembled on the hill, and for hours watched a moving myriad of torches that flashed around the Indian village. Sometimes these torches seemed chasing up and down the narrow beach; again they flashed in long reflections from the water; and, almost without ceasing, the horrid cries continued.

Paul looked carefully to the comfort of little Ofotia, and was rewarded by a grateful smile from the pale, patient child. As for Nicolai and himself, having grown accustomed to the ceaseless din, and even to the suspense and uncertainty, they by-and-by grew heavy-eyed, and curled up, each in a corner, and fell fast asleep.

At sunrise, the gate of the barricade remained barred, of course; but with the aid of field-glasses the garrison could easily watch the battle between the Chilkats and the Sitkas.

The Indians showed no disposition to intrude on the white settlement, and it was decided not to interfere with them. Colonel Wentworth learned from the pilot that this quarrel with the Chilkats dated back to former years. Hintza, while visiting the Stickines, had killed a Chilkat brave in a hasty quarrel, and the offense had never yet been forgiven. The rule with Indian disputes required an extended feud of probably years' duration, all captives taken in battle being perpetual slaves to the captors; or else, absurd as it may seem, a *cultus potlatch* ended the feud. The *cultus potlatch* was a gift, usually of blankets, to appease the anger of a grieving and aggrieved relative—so many blankets for the murder of a brave, so many for that of an old woman, and so on.

The garrison being assured of its own safety, people returned to their homes; but, for the three days in which this little war lasted, no one was quite easy in mind. The invaders interrupted their siege with an occasional rest on lovely Japonska Island, just across the narrow channel. On the third day, Nicol discovered the approach of an American man-of-war; and when he had conducted it to its moorings, immediately opposite the Indian village, there was a sudden end to hostilities.

Guns that thrust their black muzzles from the ship's sides opened fire to salute the flag of the garrison. And at this, Chilkats and Sitkas were alike convinced that the terrible noise threatened punishment to both, and they made immediate preparations for a *cultus potlatch*.

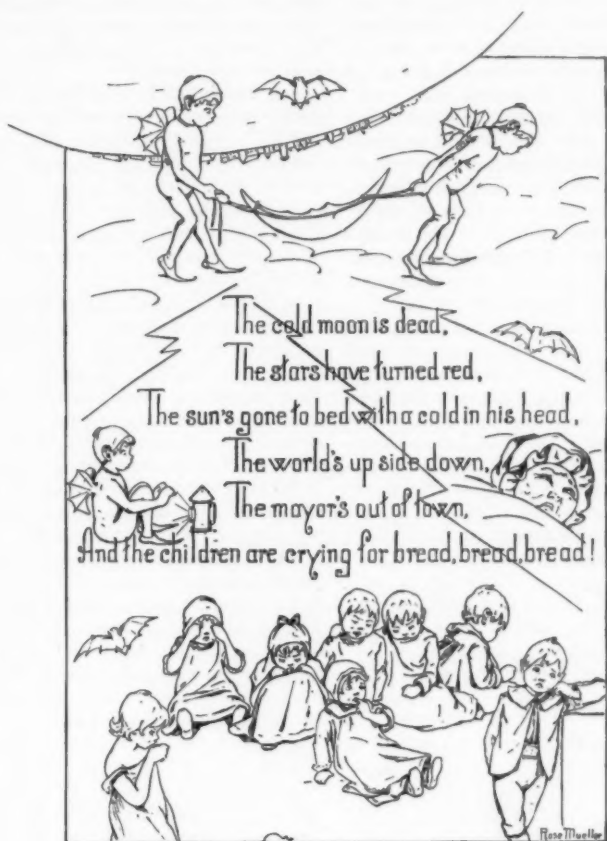
Hintza, wisely remembering his recent offense, disappeared altogether. Old Annahoots sent ambassadors with grave ceremonial, begging the great *Tyees*, or leading officers of the fort and of the man-of-war, to be present at the grand peace-making between the tribes. Paul obtained from his father permission to attend the ceremony with Colli; and so, to the sound of tum-tums and Indian rattles, the boys entered Annahoots' lodge, this time with the great *Tyees*, and were led to seats of honor with solemn parade and ceremony.

While the painted and much ornamented warriors performed their *cultus potlatch* dances with frightful howls to the shaking of their gaudy wooden rattles—a weird, almost terrible scene—Nicolai and Paul, after the first novel emotions, cast their glances about in search of Alounka. So far from disliking that peculiar little maiden, they began to feel a sense of disappointment that she was nowhere in sight. Then for a while their attention was again engaged as the imposing ceremony of the *cultus potlatch* was performed, while Kauklutz and his braves condescended to accept with dignity the pile of blankets bound with bark strips.

Paul was gazing at a particularly ridiculous dancer, when turning toward Colli, his fun-loving face aglow with merriment, he saw instead of the little Aleut the roguish black eyes of Alounka.

She stood close beside him—in one hand a basket, which she offered him, with a gesture that was partly shy and friendly, and partly defiant. This basket, such as only Alaskan Indians can make, was cunningly woven, delicately shaped, and of brilliant colors. The straw, dyed stitch by stitch, and of all colors, was woven in, also stitch by stitch, over the under-plaited rootlets in a manner resembling the work on old tapestry. It contained a number of walrus-ivory and black-horn carvings—carvings for which the Alaskan Indians are now famous, and in which none were more deft and cunning than the elfish maid Alounka. As Paul colored and hesitated, Alounka besought his acceptance of her gift with a real Indian laugh—half guttural utterance, half childish mirth, and wholly bewitching. Then, as the basket lay in his hand, she said, in a soft, broken way, "*Alounka cultus potlatch.*"

And even as she spoke, though Paul impulsively thrust out his free hand to detain her, the girl slipped away, and was lost in the pressing throng.



A NEW LEAF FROM WASHINGTON'S BOY LIFE.

BY WM. F. CARNE.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, as every schoolboy knows, was the son of Augustine Washington, of Westmoreland County, Virginia. Lawrence Washington, George's half-brother, and fifteen years his senior, was, while George was yet a schoolboy, an officer of Virginia troops fighting for the English flag against the "Dons," at Carthage and on the Spanish Main. Colonel William

Fairfax, of Belvoir, a great man in the old Virginia days, was the county lieutenant, member of the Governor's Council, and the resident manager of the vast Virginian estates of his cousin Thomas, Lord Fairfax. Belvoir lay among the Potomac hills in that beautiful stretch of country that many readers of ST. NICHOLAS have doubtless seen from the great white dome of

the Capitol. After his father's death, Lawrence Washington built a home, which he called Mount Vernon, upon his inherited estate of 7000 acres on the Potomac, and he married Annie Fairfax, the daughter of the great man of Belvoir.

So to that beautiful home, his school days over, came young George Washington, a bright boy of fourteen. Madame Lawrence Washington's brothers and sisters at Belvoir were, most of them, of a companionable age for young George, and he soon grew intimate and familiar at the Fairfax mansion. The abundance of youthful society made Belvoir very attractive to a lad of Washington's tastes, surroundings, and disposition.

The sports of the open air and the pleasant indoor amusements led to a friendship that colored all of Washington's life. The elder of the two Fairfax lads, George William Fairfax, early won the admiration of Washington, and his influence is shown in a curious way, by the fact that, just as Washington grew into manhood, he changed his signature and fashioned it anew upon the model of George Fairfax's autograph.

When Washington was seventeen years of age he wrote his name thus:

George William Fairfax's signature, still to be seen on a score of documents at Fairfax Court House, is as follows:

After Washington had been acquainted with Mr. Fairfax for some years, and had corresponded with him, he changed his autograph to this:

The second of the Fairfax boys bore the name of Thomas. This lad young Washington never saw, but it was this absent Thomas who exerted the strongest influence over young George Washington's developing youth, and excited a spirit of manliness and emulation that none of his actual associates could inspire. Before Washington be-

came intimate at Belvoir, young Thomas Fairfax, then scarcely more than a child, had been made a midshipman in the "King's Navee," and had sailed away to foreign seas.

But, though away from Belvoir, he was by no means forgotten in the loving family circle into which George Washington had been admitted. Indeed, the absent lad Thomas Fairfax was the hero of that Virginian home. Around his name there hung the glamour of romance, and to the home-folk the boy's doings and experiences were of far more importance than were the events of which they formed a part.

In March, 1744, all Europe became involved in the strife over the claims of Maria Theresa, the great Archduchess of Austria; and France declared war against England. In the fall of 1744, a British squadron, comprising two ships-of-war of sixty guns and one of twenty guns, under the flag of Commodore Barnet, sailed from Portsmouth, England, with orders to cruise against the French in the East Indian seas; and on one of these—the ship-of-war Harwick, Captain Cartaret commanding—sailed young Thomas Fairfax, Midshipman.

The fleet was to cruise in the Bay of Bengal, mainly between Ceylon and Madras; but no sooner had it appeared in East Indian waters, than Monsieur Labourdonnais, commandant of the Isles of France and Bourbon,* and an adventurous and daring sailor, hastened to oppose their maneuvers. Embarking a crew of three thousand untried men, of whom seven hundred were negroes, on nine leaky vessels, he sailed to the attack; but with an unseaworthy fleet, and an equally unseaworthy crew, the ocean defeated him even before he met the enemy. One of his ships was wrecked on the coast of Madagascar, and he was obliged to put back for repairs. So not until 1746 did the hostile squadrons meet. They joined then in what the chronicles of the day call "a distant and almost bloodless action," in which "neither party could lay claim to any decided advantage." But that "almost bloodless action," of which the histories of India scarcely make mention, had its effect, in one way, upon the future of what is now a nation of fifty millions of people. For on the deck of the Harwick, His Britannic Majesty's ship-of-war, fell the young Virginian, Thomas Fairfax, the brave boy midshipman.

With the first winds of winter came the sad news to Belvoir; and young George Washington, then about fifteen, joined in the deep but stately grief of the stricken family, and, under the inspiration of the report of courageous deeds, woke to a new ambition that never died.

Funeral rites were performed at Belvoir for the young hero who had been buried at sea. His

* Now known as Mauritius, and famous in literature as the scene of the story of "Paul and Virginia."

father inscribed upon the marble that commemorated his death that quaint epitaph:—

TO THE MEMORY OF
THOMAS FAIRFAX ESQUIRE

Who died fighting in his Country's cause on board the Harwick Ship of War in an engagement with Monsieur Bourdenaye, commander of a French Squadron on the Indian Coast

the 26th of June 1746,
and in the 21st year of his age,

Beloved by his commander, Captain Carteret, and highly favored by his friend Commodore Barnet for his politeness of manners. — He was a comely personage, of undoubted bravery, skilled in the theory of the profession; excelled by few as a Naval Draughtsman, gave early promises, by a pregnant genius and diligent application, of a consummate officer for the service of his country. But the Wisdom of Heaven is inscrutable: human life is ever in the hands of its author; and while the good and brave are always ready for death, resignation becomes their surviving friends. Convinced of this duty yet subdued by the sentiments of a tender parent this tablet was inscribed and dedicated by his sorrowing father.

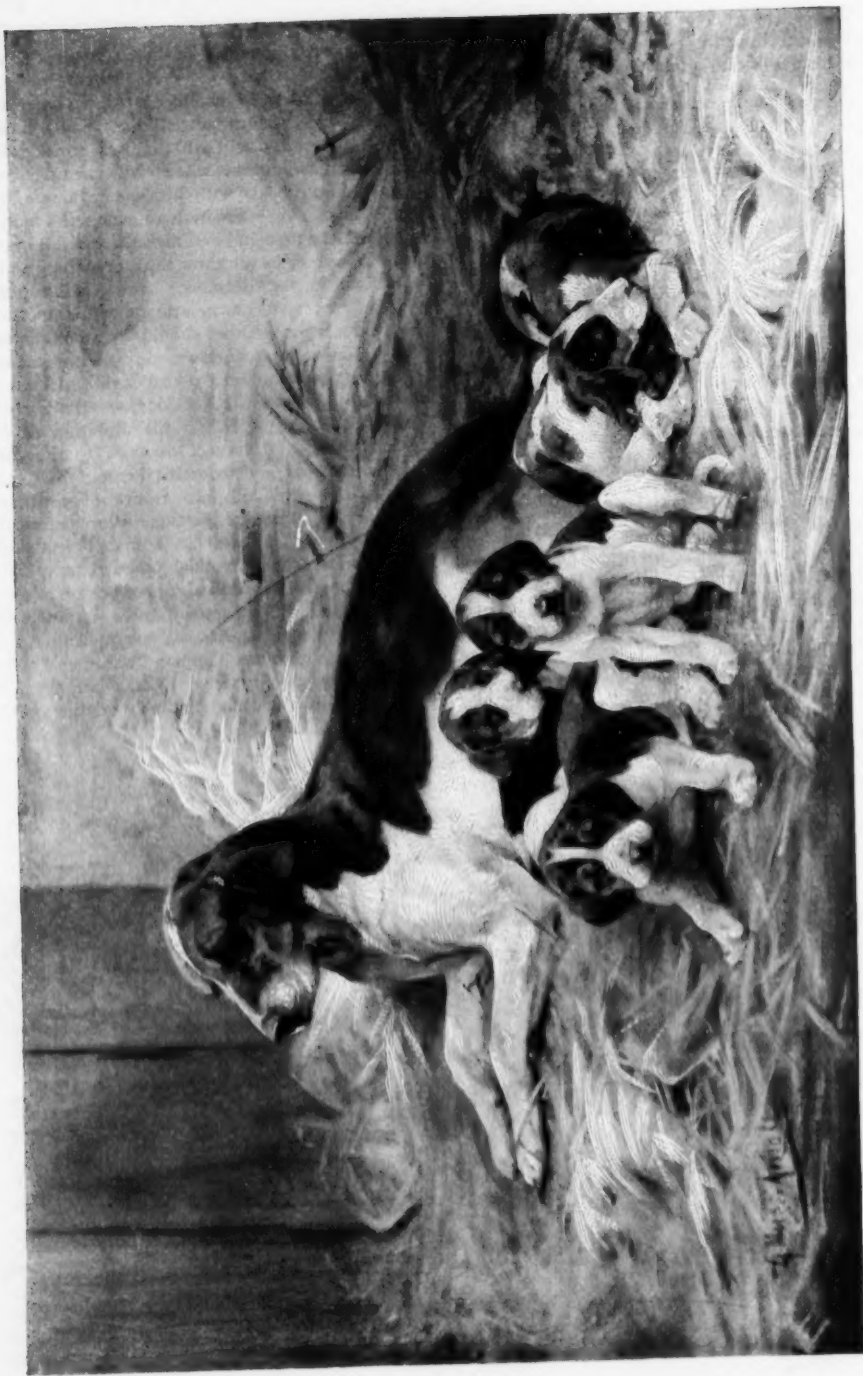
May, Britain, all thy sons like him behave.—
May all be virtuous and like him be brave.
Thy fiercest foes undaunted he withstood,
And perished fighting for his country's good.

A manly boy is quick to listen and ready to respond to the story of manliness in others. To young George Washington the dirges for the dead midshipman at Belvoir came rather as a note of triumph than a song of sorrow, for they told of a heroic death—the epic of a boy, scarce older than himself, who had fallen under the enemies' guns on far-off eastern seas, where the flag of his

ship, unstruck, waved at the peak above his ocean funeral.

Bold, ambitious, accustomed to see no boy excel him, full of high sentiments of honor, loyalty, and duty—who can doubt what pulses thrilled the heart of Washington, when this example was brought face to face with him every hour of his life? Who can fail to see in these events the motive which led him to seek, like Fairfax, a midshipman's commission? You all know the story: how a vessel waited in the Potomac; how Washington's luggage was sent on board; how his mother, agonized lest her son, too, should die among strangers on far-off seas, intervened; and how, at her entreaties, he abandoned a career that seemed to him full of promise and of glory,—all these are familiar themes. He laid his ambition at his mother's feet, and turned his steps to the then quiet paths that lay about his home. And soon those paths extended into scenes of peril and adventure that gave him fame even before he reached the age at which Thomas Fairfax fell. But the influence of the midshipman's example did not stop there. And the heights of Boston and the field of Yorktown witnessed in after years the display of the martial spirit that was quickened into life by the memory of Thomas Fairfax and of his death in that unchronicled fight, when the Virginia boy builded his life into the foundations of the Empire of India.





A HAPPY FAMILY. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HEGGER.)

ST. NICHOLAS DOG STORIES.

XXIII.—THE HISTORY OF JACK.

(A true story.)

BY OLIVER ELLSWORTH WOOD.

JACK was a little yellow dog, with a very long body and very short legs. When I bought him of one of the soldiers of our post at Madison Barracks, on the shore of Lake Ontario, Jack was but a puppy, and he had a slim tail that in after years curled up over his back like the curve of an old-fashioned Dutch skate. His eyes were sharp and as bright as two stars, his ears had been well trimmed to points, and with the exception of a long pointed black muzzle, he was as yellow as a pumpkin all over, and his skin was as soft as silk. He could lay claim to more good blood than his appearance warranted, and he was one of the most intelligent dogs I ever saw. He had a rare streak of fun in him that was simply irresistible, and a saucy way of looking up at you with his head cocked on one side. He was a comical little chap, always ready for a frolic; the expression of his face was so human that it seemed as if he was about to say, "I know such a good joke! Come on, now! Hurry up."

Jack was death on cats. So long as they would run away from him, how he would chase them, and bark, as much as to say, "You just wait till I catch you and eat you up"! He once ran straight through a bed of live mortar, so great was his haste to catch a fleeing puss—and of course he suffered severely in consequence. But let one of those much-pursued cats stop, turn around, and look Jack square in the face—and with a yelp of terror, he would stop so quickly that he would tumble heels over head, scramble to his feet, turn and run for home with his tail between his legs, howling for dear life, as much as to say, "For mercy's sake, let me alone. I'm not touching you."

When Jack first came to us, he had a little old-fashioned sleigh-bell fastened around his neck with a string. The string was replaced by a new collar to which the little bell was attached, and excepting once or twice when the bell was temporarily lost, its tinkling always heralded his approach. The very tone of it was peculiar, and I believe I could have recognized it had I heard it in China.

Jack proved to be a very teachable dog. Whenever he desired to attract my attention, he would sneeze vigorously; and he was taught to sing



in a manner peculiarly his own. He would throw his head back, a little on one side, and begin, "Row-row-row-row-row!" bobbing his head with every "row," until the listener would be fairly convulsed with laughter. I bought him a rubber ball, and taught him to find it and bring it to me. He became quite expert at catching the ball in his mouth. No matter whether it was tossed directly at him, or thrown into the air, Jack was always at the right spot when the ball came down. At times, when he could n't get any of us to play, he would go out with the ball in his mouth and hunt up some boy to play with him.



One day when Jack was coming into the house through the front door, it shut with a slam before he and his tail were through. This resulted badly for the tail, for the tip was held fast by the closed door, and there Jack sprawled and howled until the door was opened. Upon his recovery, there was a permanent crook in the end of his tail, as if a knot had been tied in it.

After that occurrence Jack never went through a half-closed door, unless some one held it open. If it was wide open, he would make a wild dash through, all ready to yell, with his tail between his legs—for *safety*, not because he was afraid—oh, no!

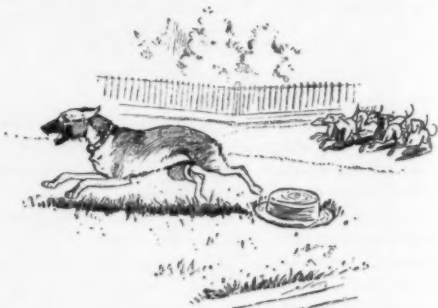
One of the officers of the post, who had recently come in from the plains, had ten or a dozen large greyhounds, which had there been used to chase deer.

Notwithstanding its size, the greyhound, when alone, is an arrant coward, unless cornered; then he becomes a dangerous antagonist. And when greyhounds run together in a pack, in pursuit of an animal, and catch it, their sharp teeth soon tear it to pieces.

Jack was a coward, too, but he knew by instinct that a single greyhound was even a greater coward than himself; and when one of the hounds would stroll along by the house, it was ludicrous to see the little scamp rush out quivering with excitement, and barking as if he would eat Mr. Greyhound. Invariably, the greyhound would turn tail and run; Jack would follow a few steps and then return with a look in his face which plainly said, "Did you ever see such a coward?"

But one day Jack was taking a walk with me on the parade-ground down toward the lake, and some distance from the house. All at once the whole pack of hounds, as if urged by one common impulse to get even with him for the indignities he had heaped upon them singly, started in a body for Jack. At first he did not notice them, but when he did, instead of coming to me for protection, he turned and struck out for home in the usual manner, with his tail between his legs and with the usual accompaniment of howls. How he did run! He was running this time for his life, and he knew it. He looked like a tiny yellow speck as he scampered toward the house. The pack of hounds keeping well together, gained on him at every jump. Twice I thought they had him, and half turned away my head; but, no! he doubled on them and fairly flew in another direction. The hounds could not turn as quickly as he could, and fell over one another in their attempts to do so. As Jack reached the terrace in front of the quarters, he flew into the house through the open door, safe! The door was closed by my wife—who had been watching the desperate race—just as the hounds met in a body over a boy's straw hat that was lying upon the grass before the door. In about two seconds there was nothing left of that hat; it was torn into ribbons before they found out it was n't Jack, after all! But from that time, Jack was not on speaking terms with any of those hounds.

One day he accompanied me to the little village of Sackett's Harbor, and while in one of the stores, the proprietor called me back into the counting-room to see a cat and a litter of kittens that were in a large wooden box on the floor. Jack was not invited, but with his usual impudence, he



"HOW HE DID RUN!"

followed me, and evidently wondered what we could be looking at.

His curiosity got the better of his judgment, and he raised up on his hind legs to look over into the box, when, with a tremendous "miaouw!" Mrs. Puss made one jump and, fastening her claws well on Jack's back, rode the astonished dog through the store to the front door, which, fortunately for him, was wide open.

How that yellow dog did howl! I do not really suppose that Jack ever knew what struck him, it was done so quickly. Without once turning around, he dashed through the door, the cat falling off; and away he started for the barracks, yelping with pain and chagrin, positive in his own mind that he was still pursued by some ferocious animal which would devour him whole if he should be caught.

Many times after that, I tried to coax him to enter that store, but, no—he had learned his lesson, and would quietly wait for me on the outside.

In the summer after Jack came to us, our command was ordered to Fort Adams, Rhode Island, and Jack, of course, went along. Much of our leisure during the summer was devoted to fishing, and as we sat upon the stone dock, trying to lure the mackerel or the skipper to our hook, Jack was always on hand, quite as interested in the results as we were.

One day we were short of bait, and asked a passing fisherman to throw us a live lobster. As soon as it struck the dock, Jack decided that here was something to be attended to at once; but, while walking around and sniffing at it, he was

fairly caught in the jaw by its strong claw. In his attempts to free himself, Jack's eyes almost bulged out of his head, and his agonizing yelps were enough to deafen any respectable lobster. His captor, however, held him in its powerful grip without relaxing. As soon as we discovered his predicament we flew to the rescue, and I was actually obliged to break the lobster's claw, in order to release Jack. Once free, he started for home and never stopped till he was safe in his own bed.

From that day he lost his interest in fishing, and the sight of a lobster would make him shiver as if he had a chill.

In December of the following year our regiment moved South, and Jack accompanied us to Fort Barrancas, Florida.

Thus far his trials had been few in comparison with those he was to undergo.

The short grass that covered the parade ground was of peculiar nature; it is a hardy kind of spur grass which grows in sand, needing little or no moisture, and has small cockle spurs which are indeed a thorn in the flesh to all animals with tender feet. There was an abundance of good brick walks, however, in every direction, and after a brief



"HIS YELPS WERE ENOUGH TO DEAFEN ANY RESPECTABLE LOBSTER."

experience, every dog at the post soon learned to keep off the grass.

It was very amusing to see Jack, when as sometimes happened, his ball would be thrown out into the spur grass. He would watch where it went, and then run up and down the walk barking and crying, as much as to say, "Oh, dear, how shall I ever get that ball?" He would sit down on the walk at the point nearest the ball, and with his ears drooping and the tears fairly rolling from his eyes, he would cry in the most piteous manner, until finally realizing that he must go after it, he would pick his way gingerly along, until he struck a spur with one

of his feet, when he would give a quick, short yelp, and hobble along on three feet until another foot was crippled, and then in sheer desperation he would make a few stiff-legged jumps, and get the ball in his mouth; then he would rush crying for the walk, drop the ball, and set himself to work to extract the spurs with his teeth, occasionally transferring one to his lip during the operation.

That would generally settle him, and he would sit there crying for some one to come and help him. He learned, after several experiences of that sort, to lie down on his back, and hold up his four paws to have the spurs extracted.

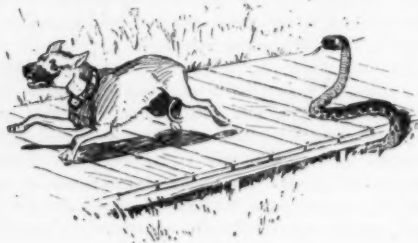
Leading from my quarters to the adjoining house was a board walk with wide cracks, a fine resort for snakes, and one day as Jack was taking his constitutional along this walk, a snake popped up its head and struck at him. Fortunately it did not hit him, but the effect was well nigh as bad, for, as usual, Jack made a dash for home, yelling with terror. After that experience, when Jack was following me along that walk, I have seen him several times, just before reaching the spot where the snake had interviewed him, step deliberately off into the spur grass, and go entirely round the place, filling his paws with the spurs, rather than run the risk of meeting another member of that family of moccasin snakes.

On many a rainy day when we would all be seated around the room, some reading and others sewing, Jack would waken from a nap, fetch his ball and go through the following programme with each person in the room, until he would find some one to play with him.

First he would lay the ball at some one's feet, look up in his saucy way, his bright eyes sparkling with fun, his head a little on one side, and give a short, quick, quiet sort of a bark, as much as to say, "Oh! give me a toss! just one!" If that proved unsuccessful, he would give two or three barks, and then sneeze, and follow it up with two or three sneezes, all the time looking up in an appealing sort of a way that meant, "Come on now! You might!" That generally would accomplish his desires; but if it did not, he would again go through the whole performance, and then kick out with his hind foot, scratching the carpet, by which he expressed, "Hurry up, for pity's sake!" If all that did not touch his friend's heart, Jack would repeat it all faithfully, and then taking the ball in his mouth, would rise on his hind feet, place his fore paws on the obdurate one's lap, quietly lay the ball thereon, and holding it by one paw, would simply stare the person out of countenance, until for very shame the ball would have to be thrown for so persistent a beggar.

One evening, during a severe norther, we were

about ready to retire, when some one said, "Where's Jack?" I looked in his box, where he generally slept, but he was not there. I whistled and called him, but no answering tinkle of his bell could be heard. I went from room to room and searched everywhere, calling and whistling repeatedly, but with no response. I opened the front door, went around the house, but no Jack. At last, we retired to our bedroom, and gave up



"A SNAKE POPPED UP ITS HEAD AND STRUCK AT HIM."

the search, feeling assured that he would eventually turn up all right; but just as I turned down the bed-clothes, there, in the very middle of the bed, between the sheets, was Mr. Jack, with his bright eyes twinkling, all curled up in a heap, as comfortable as you please, with that saucy look in his face meaning, "Don't fret about me! I'm all right!"

How do you suppose he got there without leaving a mark to indicate that he had even touched the bed? When we entered the room, the bed looked immaculate, the pillows and the shams were not even disturbed, and there was no lump visible indicating his presence; but we found out that he had jumped into a chair that stood at the head of the bed, had carefully picked his way *behind* the pillows close to the headboard, until he reached the middle, and then had burrowed his way down to the place where we found him.

The little rascal was so cunning that we could n't punish him, although I ordered him, in a very stern voice, to march straight to his box in the adjoining room.

In the following autumn, we were transferred to Charleston, S. C.; and, while quartered in the citadel in that city, Jack's great delight was to ride at the baby's feet in his little carriage, to the amusement of all the children in the vicinity.

Indeed the fame of Jack had spread abroad, and every officer, lady, and child in the regiment knew so much about his funny tricks and wise ways that he was frequently borrowed for the purpose of amusing friends.

His reputation as a canine singer was simply unequalled, and his performances afforded great fun to those who heard him.

On one occasion, an officer took him to the Charleston Hotel, for the purpose of showing his accomplishments to some ladies. When he was taken up into the parlor, the officer held up the ball, called Jack's attention to it, and then threw it down, saying: "Now, Jack, bring it to me!" But, no! Jack did not propose to show off on that occasion; he retired under the piano, and laid down with his nose on his paws, his ears drooping and a disgusted look in his eyes, as much as to say: "This business of having to make a display is tiresome!" They coaxed him, offered him his dearly loved cake, did everything to induce him to play, threw the ball for him—he wouldn't even look at it! So finally the exhibition had to be given up. Jack's stubbornness would not yield.

During the hot season the troops were all removed to Summerville, back in the piney woods about thirty miles from Charleston. It is a place infested with fleas and abounding in various kinds of snakes, including rattlesnakes and moccasins, which live in the swamps and low grounds.

One day I was sitting in my tent, when I heard the tinkle of Jack's bell and a peculiar moaning cry that was almost human, and in he came, crying and rubbing his head with his paws. I examined the spot and saw indications of a snake's fangs having punctured the skin. I rubbed it with whisky, notwithstanding his heartrending cries, but in a short time his head was dreadfully swollen; he refused all food, and seemed to suffer much pain, although in a few days the swelling decreased.

Poor Jack would scratch the place with his paws, so I had him regularly consigned to the hospital. An attendant took charge of him and bandaged his paws so that he could not scratch at all while the wound was healing. The only time the bandages were removed was when Jack was brought over to see the baby, when he exhibited the most marked and human satisfaction in again being at home; he seemed to understand that as a convalescent he was not expected to work and play, so he would quietly settle down at our feet and sink into the most profound slumber. Perhaps we would forget his presence, until the tinkle of his little bell attracted our attention, and we would see him lying flat on his back, a most dejected look on his face, his four paws held straight up in the air,—and "What for?" do I hear my readers ask? He had recognized the step of the attendant in the distance, long before we knew of his approach, and had placed himself in readiness to have the rags wrapped around his paws, preparatory to returning to the hospital.

The bite left an ugly scar, but Jack soon recovered his health and spirits.

After we returned to Charleston, he frequently used to go up to the arsenal, about a mile and a half from the citadel, to see his friends, and after he learned the way, would go alone, and be gone sometimes all day long. Poor Jack! He made the trip once too often, for one day, as it happened, he was missing; night came and went without our hearing the tinkle of his little bell.

Toward night, on the second day of his absence, a soldier from the arsenal met me and put in my hand a torn and bloody collar with a little old-fashioned sleigh-bell attached to it, without saying a word. I looked up and saw tears in the man's eyes; he controlled himself sufficiently to tell me that dear little Jack was dead.

A big bull-dog had throttled him at the entrance

of the arsenal, and his mangled body was found by some of the soldiers, and tenderly buried under one of the live-oak trees.

Every one who knew Jack mourned for him; he had more friends than usually falls to the lot of a dog, and it was many days before we could speak of him at all. His like we have never seen.



THE STORY OF GRUMBLE TONE.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

THERE was a boy named Grumble Tone, who ran away to sea.
 "I'm sick of things on land," he said, "as sick as I can be!
 A life upon the bounding wave will suit a lad like me!"

The seething ocean billows failed to stimulate his mirth,
 For he did not like the vessel, or the dizzy rolling berth,
 And he thought the sea was almost as unpleasant as the earth.

He wandered into foreign lands, he saw each wondrous sight,
 But nothing that he heard or saw seemed just exactly right,
 And so he journeyed on and on, still seeking for delight.

He talked with kings and ladies fair, he dined in courts, they say,
 But always found the people dull, and longed to get away,
 To search for that mysterious land where he should like to stay.

He wandered over all the world, his hair grew white as snow,
 He reached that final bourne at last, where all of us must go;
 But never found the land he sought. The reason would you know?

The reason was that, north or south, where'er his steps were bent,
 On land or sea, in court or hall, he found but discontent;
 For he took his disposition with him everywhere he went.

MAGGIE GREY'S BIRD.

BY FRANK BELLEW.



MAGGIE GREY's father was a laboring man,—when there was any labor to be done; at other times he managed to live as best he could. Maggie's mother was an invalid, but the bright little five-year-old girl could chase goats out of a vacant lot, or throw stones at a cow, with any boy of her own age and weight in the district. The Greys lived in a little shanty built chiefly of mud and tomato cans, in a vacant lot on the outskirts of a great city.

One dull afternoon, Maggie was sent on an errand to a comparatively well-to-do neighbor, the nearest way to whose house was over the hill and through the pine woods. Maggie took the nearest way. Just as she had crossed the brow of the hill, she saw, some thirty or forty feet in front of her, a strange, black bird, fluttering and struggling in the snow; it looked almost exhausted, and seemed to be wounded. Maggie instinctively rushed forward, and after a little struggle managed to secure it. Here was a treasure for a little girl without a toy in the world, save one home-made doll with a cotton head. A real live bird! If it would only live! Maggie carefully tucked it away in a warm place inside her ragged little cloak, and then trotted home as fast as she could go, all unmindful of the errand on which she had been sent.

"Oh, Mother!" she cried, rushing into the little shanty she called home, "see what I've found—a real live bird!"

The mother, who was a kindly body in spite of her lumbago, seemed as delighted as her daughter, and told Maggie to put the bird in a basket lined with cotton-wool, not too near the fire, and to give it something to eat. This Maggie did, in a flutter of ecstasy. The poor bird, however, would eat nothing, but lay panting with its mouth half-open and its eyes half-shut, as though quite ready to give up its little, black ghost.

Maggie was now questioned as to the result of her mission to the neighbor's house, which, we may as well state here, was to obtain the temporary loan of a small

invoice of tea and sugar. When she explained that she had considered the necessities of the bird as of more immediate consequence than anything else, her mother told her that she had done right, but that she must now immediately scamper off, and try to effect the desired negotiation. Maggie was very loath to leave her new-found treasure, but she knew what tea and sugar meant to her mother; so without a murmur, off she went.

On her return home she was delighted to find the yellow-billed stranger much improved in general physical health. Its eyes were open, and it could even hold up its head at intervals.

Next day the ornithological foundling showed still greater signs of improvement. It could stand on its legs after a fashion, and partake of food. This was delightful. Even Maggie's soft-headed doll was forgotten in the excitement of the hour. The whole day was devoted to yellow-bill. It was named Lily, after much discussion. It was fed. It was moved from place to place. It was addressed with much gibberish such as people bestow upon children and pets, and it would have been washed and dressed had such attentions been possible.

After the excitement of the day, the Greys slept soundly that night until about four o'clock in the morning, when they were suddenly awakened by a loud voice in the room, uttering the words:

"Here, here; have it cut—have it cut!" They all sat up in their beds, and Mr. Grey groped about in the dark for a stick, or a spade, or some other weapon. "Ho! ho! ho!" cried the intruder. "Mind your work—mind your work! This way, sir; this way!"

"Who's there?" cried old Mr. Grey, jumping out of bed and seizing a chair, "and what do you want here in a poor man's house?"

With trembling hands he struck a match, and with some difficulty held it steadily enough to light their solitary lamp. Then he went about the room, peering into every nook and corner, with the light in one hand and the ax in the other. When he poked his head into a corner closet which served as larder and lumber-room, he was startled by a harsh voice crying out behind him:

"Hello! this way, sir—this way!"

He turned around like a flash, but could see no one. Then he went into the wash-house, whence the voice seemed to come, but he was scarcely inside it, when the voice was heard again, still behind him:

"This way, sir—this way; does it hurt—does it hurt?"

Maggie's father was now nearly crazy with terror and bewilderment; he rushed back to the living-room, with his hair flying. He had almost made up his mind to flee from the house, and seek aid,

or shelter outside, when his attention was attracted by Maggie, who stood with open mouth and staring eyes. Following the direction of her gaze, her father saw the sable stranger perched on the back of a chair.

"It's—the—the—b-i-r-d," gasped Maggie.

"The bird!" cried her father, as he fell back on the bed, where his wife lay, frightened and cowering. The poor woman thought her hour had come.

The bird, excited by the woman's screams, began flapping its wings and hopping from one side of the chair-back to the other, crying out all the time, "Next—next—next—this way, sir,—this way!"

When the three scared people had somewhat recovered their senses, they were more astonished, though less frightened than they had been before. To find they had picked up a talking bird in the woods was something incomprehensible, and decidedly uncanny. However, by daylight they had accepted the fact as a thing not explainable, and there they let it rest.

For several months they enjoyed the society and conversation of the bird, teaching it many new words and phrases; among others the suggestive remark, "twenty-five cents." They also renamed it Mino, from a habit it had of frequently repeating "Poor Mino!—poor Mino!"

The fame of Mino spread abroad through Shantytown, and hosts of the neighbors came to see the wonderful creature, bringing with them tribute, in the shape of eggs, bacon, tea, and other commodities, which greatly improved the condition of the Grey family. When spring came, Mino's cage would often hang outside the door, and Maggie would talk to the bird while she did her work. One day while thus engaged, she was surprised to see a tall, dignified gentleman, who looked like a foreign diplomat, walking straight toward the door and only a few yards from her.

"So, so!" he exclaimed, "I see you have mine bird. They told me I should find him here. Where you gets him, eh?"

"Sir?" queried Maggie in astonishment.

"Where you gets that bird? He is mine, and I wants him."

"Your bird, sir?—No, sir!—I found it in the snow, in the woods, last winter; nearly frozen he was, too!"

Now, it must be known that the visitor was no diplomat after all, but a well-to-do German barber who had a shaving establishment in the city, and a pretty little home on the outskirts, not far from where Maggie lived. He was very fond of animals, and he had a choice collection of rare birds, both in his shop and at his residence. It seems that this mino bird had somehow

managed to escape through an open window a few hours before Maggie found it; but, after flying as far as it could, it had succumbed to the bitter cold and fallen in her path as has been described. Of course it would have died very soon had it not been discovered, for mino birds come from Sumatra and Java, two of the East India islands, where it is always hot. They are very rare birds, and very valuable, being able to talk better than parrots, when properly taught. This the barber explained to Maggie, and told her that Mino was worth quite a sum of money.

"Well, little one," he said, when he had sufficiently enjoyed Maggie's perplexity, "I will not worry you. Do not be afraid; I lose me my bird—he is dead to me; you finds him—he is yours. I gets another mino bird some day."

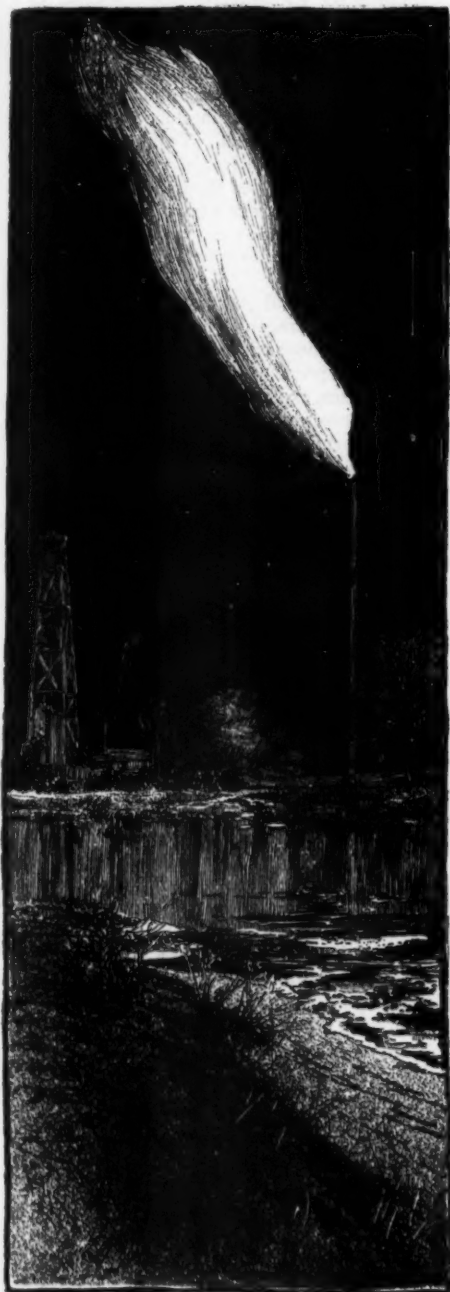
Then he patted puzzled Maggie on the head, and began to talk with Mino. He laughed heartily at the bird's newly acquired vocabulary, especially

when he heard "Poor Mino—twenty-five cents." He chatted a little longer with Maggie, asking her many questions about her father and mother, and her mode of life, and as he turned to go he gave her a silver dollar. Maggie breathed freely when he left her. Mino was hers, and she had a whole dollar for her own.

That night a banquet of fried liver and bacon, tea, white bread, and—you will hardly believe it, gentle reader—a whole ten-cent mince pie—graced the table in the little shanty.

The life of the Greys was now one of peace and plenty. The fame of Mino brought many visitors and many quarter-dollars; but what was better still, it brought friends, who found work for Maggie's father and medicines for her poor mother's lumbago; who took an interest, too, in pretty little Maggie, teaching her to read and write and sew, and to do many other things that would help to make her a good woman when she grew up.





MORE ABOUT GAS-WELLS.

BY G. FREDERICK WRIGHT.

READERS of Mr. Samuel W. Hall's article "Among the Gas-Wells," printed in the February ST. NICHOLAS, will be interested in the accompanying illustration. It is taken from a photograph of a burning gas-well which was discovered in Findlay, Ohio, about fifty miles south of Toledo, on January 20, 1886. The gas was conducted forty-eight feet above the ground, through a six-inch iron pipe, and when lighted the flame rose from twenty to thirty feet above the pipe, as shown in the picture. It is difficult to exaggerate the magnificent and impressive effect of this burning well at night. The noise of the escaping gas is like the roar of Niagara. It has frequently been heard at a distance of five miles; and under favorable conditions it is said to have been heard even fifteen miles. The whole town is brightly illuminated by the light of the flame. When I left Findlay, I watched from the rear of the train the fading glare of the great torch, and, although the night was clear and the moon full, I could distinctly see the light of the gas-well for fifteen miles. It is said to have been observed on a dark night from a distance of fifty-five miles.

When I made my visit to the well, one evening in February, 1886, snow covered the ground to the depth of three or four inches; but for a distance of two hundred yards in every direction, the heat of the flame had melted the snow from the ground, and the grass and weeds had grown two or three inches in height. The crickets also seemed to have mistaken the season of the year, for they were enlivening the night with their cheerful song. The neighborhood of the well was also a paradise for tramps. I noticed one who lay soundly sleeping with his head in a barrel, and the rest of his body projecting outward to receive the genial warmth from the flame high up in the air above. Cold as it was all around, he slept in perfect comfort upon the turf and in the open air. There was no danger of his suffering within that charmed circle.

The amount of gas furnished by this well is enormous, and has been estimated by competent judges to be as great as 40,000,000 cubic feet per day. As 1000 cubic feet of gas require for their production fifty pounds of soft coal, it follows that the heat daily generated at this single burning well is equal to that which would be produced by the burning of 1000 tons of soft coal. The pressure of the gas at this well has not been measured. But in some of the wells of Western

Pennsylvania, the pressure has been calculated to be as high as 750 or 800 pounds to the square inch, which is five times the pressure of steam in a locomotive-boiler when doing effective work.

The use of natural gas for fuel has grown rapidly during the past three years. In 1882, the total capital employed in this business throughout the entire country was estimated at only \$215,000; while two years later the amount had increased to \$1,500,000; and in September, 1885, fifteen hundred dwellings and one hundred and fifty factories and mills in the city of Pittsburg alone were depending upon natural gas for fuel. The gas used in Pittsburg in one day at that time had a heating capacity equal to that of 10,000 tons of coal. Formerly Pittsburg rested continually under a dense cloud of smoke from the vast quantities of soft coal that were daily consumed, and clean cuffs and collars were almost unknown. But now Pittsburg is often called the "ex-smoky city."

How long the gas will continue to flow is not only an interesting question, but to capitalists and all persons concerned a very important question; for to build a mill or a furnace adapted to the use of natural gas for fuel, and just as it was completed, to have the gas cease to flow, would be very disastrous.

And the gas does sometimes cease to flow.

A large well was discovered in Olean, New York, in 1877. For four years it continued to yield a large supply of gas, and then gradually ceased to breathe, and has since been only an insignificant oil-well. Perhaps one after another all the gas-wells in due time will thus subside. But the supply may be kept up for a long time, like that of oil, by the sinking of new wells or by the discovery of new gas-fields. In western Pennsylvania, several cities are now supplied with gas carried from twenty to fifty miles through wrought-iron pipes. How far it can thus be carried is not yet determined. But it is much easier to move the gas through pipes to cities than to build new cities in the vicinity of the wells.

The territory in which gas in profitable quantities has been discovered is not large, nor is it continuous. One center for its production is in the neighborhood of Olean, New York; another is in the neighborhood of Oil City, Pennsylvania; there are several centers between Pittsburg and Wheeling; and others are reported near the boundary between West Virginia and Kentucky. All these gas-fields are in or near the coal region, and the

gas is found not far below the coal measures, and about twelve hundred or fifteen hundred feet below the surface. But the well at Findlay, described on the preceding page, is a hundred miles or more outside the coal region. The Findlay well brings its gas from the Trenton limestone, at a depth of about twelve hundred feet. To reach this limestone in western Pennsylvania, wells would have to be drilled at least three thousand feet. To find gas in these old rocks was a great surprise to geologists. How it is formed and what is the cause of the enormous pressure under which it is confined are not known.

The use of natural gas as a fuel is sometimes beset with great danger. The gas is invisible, and some of it is without odor, so that there is often no warning of its presence until an explosion occurs. In several cases, explosions have occurred in dwelling-houses into which no pipes to convey the gas have been permitted to enter. For if a leak occur in the main pipe outside, the gas will at times pass through the loose soil into the cellar of a neighboring house. Now, gas and air in certain proportions form a very explosive compound; and a person going with a light into a cellar where the gas has been collecting, usually finds everything ready for a first-class explosion, which will send the walls of the house flying in every direction. But with the continued use of natural gas as fuel have come many safeguards by which accidents can generally be prevented. Most of the gas in western Pennsylvania is inodorous; that at Findlay, however, has a strong odor.

The discovery of these fountains of gas impresses one with the lavish way in which this generation is living upon the reserved stores of Nature. Our lumbermen are busy cutting down forests which have been growing for hundreds of years. The farmers of the West are reaping great crops of wheat from soil that has been fallow for thousands of years. The coal with which we warm ourselves was formed long ages ago. And now deep down in the earth we have struck these vast reservoirs of compressed gas. What will come next is more than any one can conjecture. There is now, however, almost a superabundant supply of good things; and it is not surprising that the coal-miners in the vicinity of Pittsburg complain of the prodigality with which Nature pours out her treasures. As one expressed it, he did not see the necessity of discovering gas before he had had a chance to sell his coal!

THE BROWNIES' FRIENDLY TURN.

BY PALMER COX.

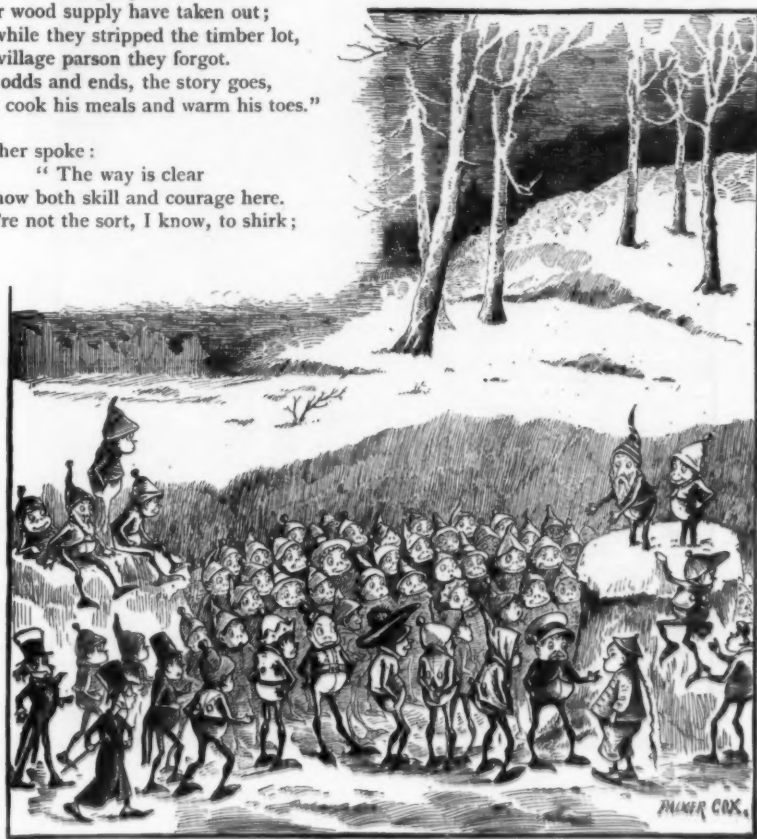
ONE night while snow was lying deep
On level plain and mountain steep,
A sheltered nook the Brownies found,
Where conversation might go 'round.
Said one:

"The people hereabout
Their wood supply have taken out;
But while they stripped the timber lot,
The village parson they forgot.
Now odds and ends, the story goes,
Must cook his meals and warm his toes."

Another spoke:

"The way is clear
To show both skill and courage here.
You're not the sort, I know, to shirk;

The signs of change are in the air;
A storm is near though skies are fair;
As oft when smiles the broadest lie,
The tears are nearest to the eye.
To work let every Brownie bend,



And coward-like to flee from work.
You act at once whene'er you find
A chance to render service kind,
Nor wait to see what others do
In matters that appeal to you.
This task in waiting must be done
Before another day has run.

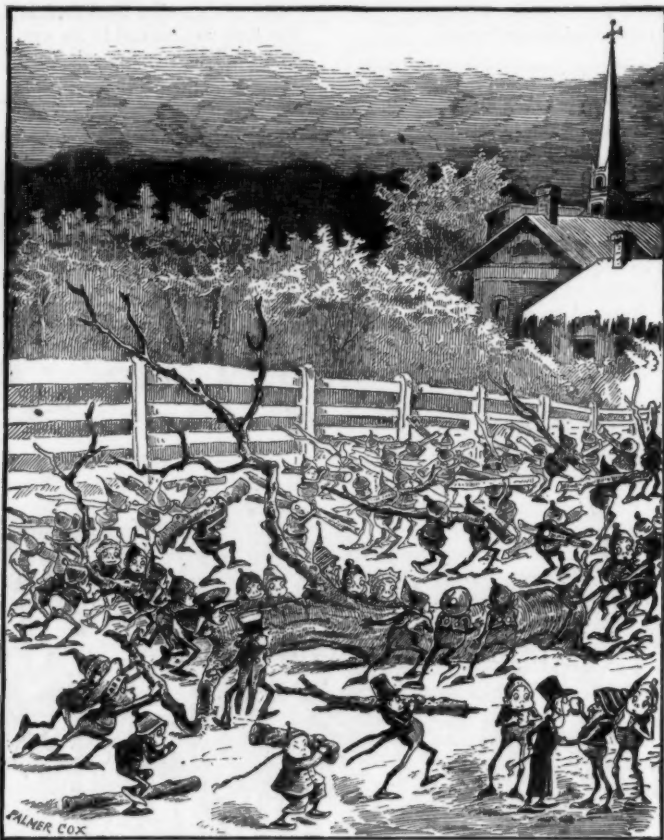
And prove to-night the parson's friend.
We'll not take oxen from the stall,
That through the day must pull and haul,
Nor horses from the manger lead;
But let them take the rest they need.
Since mystic power is at our call,
By our own selves we'll do it all.

Our willing arms shall take the place
Of clanking chain and leathern trace,
And 'round the door the wood we 'll strew
Until we hide the house from view."

At once the Brownies sought the ground
Where fuel could with ease be found,—

The wind that night was cold and keen,
And frosted Brownies oft were seen.
They clapped their hands and stamped their
toes,

They rubbed with snow each numbing nose,
And drew the frost from every face
Before it proved a painful case.



A place where forest fires had spread,
And left the timber scorched and dead.
And there through all the chilly night
They tugged and tore with all their might;
Some bearing branches as their load;
With lengthy poles still others strode,
Or struggled, till they scarce could see,
With logs that bent them like a V;
While more from under drifts of snow
Removed old trees, and made them go
Like plows along the icy street,
With half their limbs and roots complete.

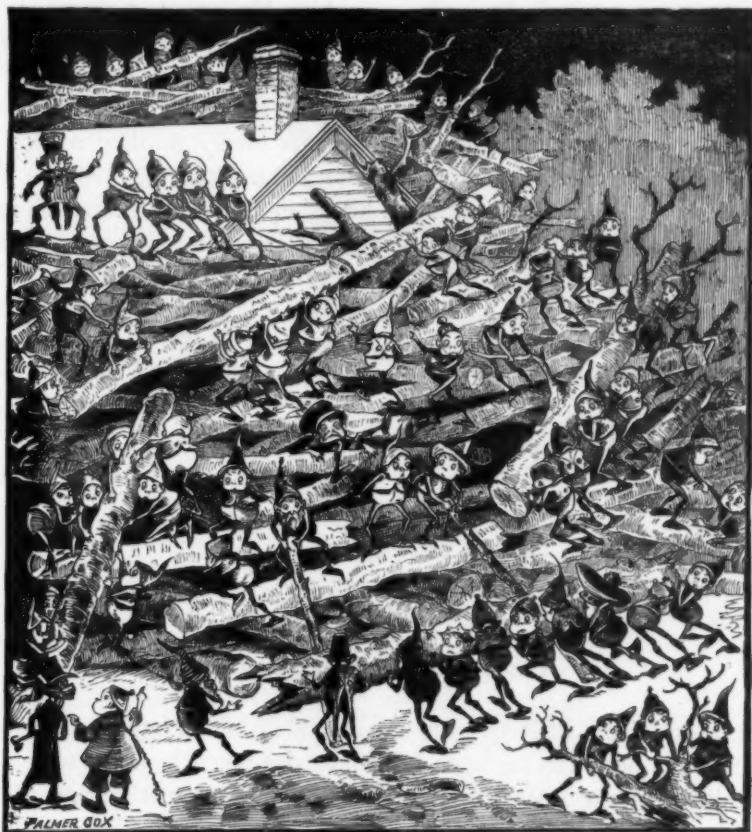
And thus, in spite of every ill,
The work was carried forward still.

Around the house some staid to pile
The gathered wood in proper style;
Which ever harder work they found
As high and higher rose the mound.

Above the window-sill it grew,
And next, the cornice hid from view;
And, ere the dawn had forced a stop,
The pile o'erlooked the chimney-top.

That morning, when the parson rose,
Against the pane he pressed his nose,
And tried the outer world to scan
To learn how signs of weather ran.
But, 'round the house, behind, before,

He touched upon the strange affair,
And asked a blessing rich to fall
Upon the heads and homes of all
Who through the night had worked so hard
To heap the fuel 'round the yard.



In front of window, shed, and door,
The wood was piled to such a height
But little sky was left in sight!
When next he climbed his pulpit stair,

His hearers knew they had no claim
To such a blessing, if it came,
But whispered: "We don't understand —
It must have been the Brownie Band."

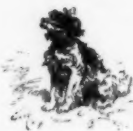
A LETTER FROM A DOLL.

"THE NURSERY," February, 1887.



DEAR CHILDREN: Don't ever believe a single good thing you hear about cats. They are cross, ugly things, and they have no respect for dolls. I am a very nice doll indeed, and I have a lovely mother named Daisy. She is four years old. She likes me because she is a good girl, and she likes her ugly cat because she does n't know any better. Sometimes the cat gets mad at me

and shakes me, and I can't shake the cat weak. I wish my mother had a fierce dog. Don't you think I am good to let the ugly are both pets, but I am the nicest. This say. I have a pain in my side to-day; if your little mother had a pet cat. Your poor friend,



at all. I am too to fight for me. thing alone? We is all I have to and so would you

LUCY.

A QUEER HORSE-CAR.

ONCE there was a little boy named Neddie, and he had three cats. One day he and his pets had so much fun that even when he went to bed he was still thinking of the pussies. And may be they were thinking of him, for as soon as he fell asleep they came to him, with several of their cat-friends, and begged him to get up and have some more fun. Well, almost before Ned knew what he was doing, he and his visitors were having a grand time! First they played that they were tigers, and Ned was a big hunter man. He carried a great pop-gun, and every time he would shoot a tiger the tiger would fall down and roll about, laughing and mewing at a great rate. This sport made them tired, and so, by way of resting, they said, "Let's play horse-cars!"

"Oh, yes!" said Ned. So, in a twinkling, they put the chairs behind his best hobby-horses, and made a very nice horse-car. Everybody had a seat, and no one was crowded. There was a dude in the corner, and old Tom

had plenty of room to read his morning paper, while little Blackie sat by his side. Miss Mouser and Miss Kitty, in the double chair, kept talking to each other all the time. Mother Puss, in the last seat, hugged up her baby kit and would not pay any fare for him. Then the conductor became so excited that he rang his bell-punch four times by mistake, and never saw old Marm Tabby, who rushed after the car calling, "Hey, hey! Miaw, mee-ow! Stop that car!" But the car went so fast that a great big cat-police-man, who was helping a lady across the street, stopped the horses, and shouted so loudly at the driver, that the car all fell to pieces, the horses ran away, the cats jumped into nowhere, and Ned sat right up in the middle of his bed, and

WOKE UP!





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

THE certainty with which we always find one another here, my beloved, as each month approaches, is truly delightful. This time it's March, made to order as a blusterer and a roisterer! But with all respect to His Roaring Highness, I must say that if he were a month of real spirit, he'd begin to come in more quietly, instead of always doing exactly as he is expected to do.

Eh?—Ah, here is a rhyme just laid upon my pulpit by our good sister, Maria I. Hammond. As it's to the point, you shall hear it:

Oh, MARCH! why blow and bluster so?
Why howl and rush and rage as though
Of Winter storms the wildest pack,
Like hungry wolves, were at your back?
Instead of which, on gentle wing
Floats in the fair and flowery Spring.
Hush, noisy March; your shouts, I fear,
This little Spring will overhear.
Hush, noisy March; in all the years,
You frighten April into tears!

"DON'T ALL ANSWER AT ONCE!"

DEAR JACK: I saw in the paper, the other day, a question—How many toes has a cat on all four feet?—and I wish to know if any of your readers can tell me how many a dog has, without first looking at a dog to find out.

Ever your devoted reader,
ROSALIE CASWELL.

To these the Deacon requests me to add a few more gentle queries.

In the first place (no ants being present),—
How many feet has an ordinary field ant? how many feet has a house-fly?
How many wings has a dragon-fly?
How many legs has a grasshopper?

How many teeth has a mole?

How many wings has a bee?

Answer me these queries correctly, my friends, without making fresh investigations, and you'll surprise us all.

VERY GENTLE BEES.

THAT question about the bees, by the way, reminds me of an interesting letter sent me by a little girl. You shall see it.

CADIZ, OHIO.

I want to tell you a funny thing that our bees did last summer. They swarmed and settled on a limb of an apple-tree in the orchard. Uncle Miles climbed the tree in order to cut off the bee-laden bough, when the queen bee lit right on his nose. In a very few minutes his face and hat were entirely covered with bees. He climbed down from the tree as soon as possible, and bending over the hive that he had prepared for their reception, he gently brushed the queen into it. She was immediately followed by her loyal subjects, and before long he was left entirely free, and without a sting.

LEONORA WOOD.

Who can explain this matter?

OLD SAYINGS IN RHYME.

THE dear Little School-ma'am wishes me to show you a number of old sayings which Miss Charlotte M. Thurston has cleverly strung together in rhyme:

Wild as a hawk, meek as a lamb,
Gentle as a dove, happy as a clam;
Brave as a lion, strong as an ox,
Fierce as a tiger, cunning as a fox;
Nimble as a squirrel, spry as a cat,
Proud as a peacock, gray as a rat;
Dumb as an oyster, ripe as a cherry,
Red as a lobster, brown as a berry;
Wise as an owl, black as a crow,
Bright as a button, dull as a hoe;
Rich as a Jew, dirty as a pig,
Dizzy as a coot, merry as a grig;
Fine as a fiddle, cold as a frog,
Fresh as a daisy, tired as a dog;
Still as a mouse, bright as a spoon,
Deaf as a post, crazy as a loon;
Sound as a nut, cross as a bear,
Mad as a hatter or a March hare;
Grave as a judge, wise as a seer,
Gay as a lark, swift as a deer;
Quick as a flash, fair as the dawn,
Mute as a fish, timid as a fawn;
Keen as a razor, dull as the times,
Old as the hills, or as these rhymes.

"And now, Dear Jack," says the Little School-ma'am, "show them this other list which a friend clipped from a newspaper and sent to me not long ago. It contains only seven of the sayings given in Miss Thurston's verses:"

| | |
|----------------------------|--------------------------|
| As poor as a church mouse, | As round as an apple, |
| As thin as a rail; | As black as your hat; |
| As fat as a porpoise, | As brown as a berry, |
| As rough as a gale; | As blind as a bat; |
| As brave as a lion, | As mean as a miser, |
| As spry as a cat; | As full as a tick; |
| As bright as a sixpence, | As plump as a partridge, |
| As weak as a rat. | As sharp as a stick. |

As proud as a peacock,
As sly as a fox;
As mad as a March hare,
As strong as an ox;
As fair as a lily,
As empty as air;
As rich as a Cæsar,
As cross as a bear.

As pure as an angel,
As neat as a pin;
As smart as a steel trap,
As ugly as sin;
As dead as a door-nail,
As white as a sheet;
As flat as a pancake,
As red as a beet.

ABOUT THAT LOBSTER.

NEW YORK.

DEAR JACK: In the January number of ST. NICHOLAS you asked us to explain why the Frenchman was wrong in calling the lobster the "cardinal of the sea." The reason is, I am sure, that lobsters are never red till they are boiled. When they are in the sea, they are a sort of dark olive-green, not at all like cardinal.

I have never written you a letter before, as I am only nine, and I have n't been old enough to understand your questions.

With a great deal of love to the Little School-ma'am and yourself, I remain,

Your little reader, BERTIE RUNKLE.

NED'S VIEW OF THINGS.

"How many's a dozen and half a dime?"
To put such a question is just a crime!
The answer comes different every time.
And spelling comes dreadfully hard to me,
And, oh, to remember geography!
But, Auntie, already I've made a plan
To be, when I'm grown up, a learned man.

As clean as a penny,
As dark as a pall;
As hard as a millstone,
As bitter as gall;
As fine as a fiddle,
As clear as a bell;
As dry as a herring,
As deep as a well.

As light as a feather,
As hard as a rock;
As stiff as a poker,
As calm as a clock;
As green as a gooling,
As brisk as a bee;
And now let me stop,
Lest you weary of me.

Of course, all this learning I want to know,
But as for the study, I hate it so!
I've studied and studied, and tried and tried,—
I wish I'd been born with it all inside!

MORE QUEER NAMES FOR THINGS.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Two of your readers were interested in the "Queer Names for Things." A six-year-old little girl suggested one good addition to the list,—the "head of a pin." Her big brother could not think of anything that was correct, but kept us all laughing with his funny mistakes. Different members of the family, even the parents, were pleased to try and think. And I send you the names we thought of:

Knuckle of veal. Hands and face of a clock.
Heart of a city. Head and foot of a bed.
Yours sincerely, ELIZABETH G. STRYKER.

THE INSECT WORLD.

To TINY ants that creep and crawl
The grass blades seem a forest tall.

The bees amid the flowers red
Think rosy clouds are overhead.

The water-spiders on the lake
Their ponds for boundless oceans take.

The beetles climb and look around;
Their mighty mountain is a mound.

—I'd like to see their world, and then
Change back to my own place again.

IN conclusion, my dears, we will now throw upon the white-board a scene appropriate to the season.



THE BULRUSH CATERPILLAR.

BY JULIA P. BALLARD.

AMONG the most curious productions of New Zealand is the singular plant (called by the natives *Awhani*), the *Spheria Robertia*, or bulrush caterpillar. If nature ever takes revenge,

one might imagine this to be a case of retaliation. Caterpillars live upon plants, devouring not only leaves, but bark, fruit, pith, root, and seeds; in short, every form of vegetable life is drawn upon by these voracious robbers. And here comes a little seed that seems to say, "Turn about is fair play," and lodges on the wrinkled neck of the caterpillar, just at the time when he, satisfied with his thefts in the vegetable kingdom, goes out of sight, to change into a chrysalis and sleep his way into a new dress and a new life. A vain hope. The seed has the situation. It sends forth its tiny green stem, draws its life from the helpless caterpillar, and not only sends up its little shoot with the bulrush-stem capped with a tiny cat-tail, but fills with its root the entire body of its victim, changing it into a white pith-like vegetable substance. This, however, preserves the exact shape of the caterpillar. It is nut-like in substance,

and is eaten by the natives with great relish.

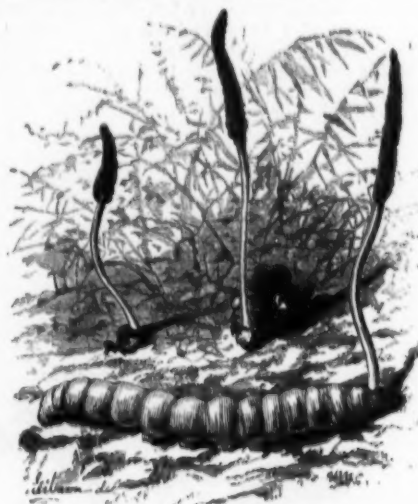
A friend who has recently spent some months in New Zealand brought the specimen, a drawing of which is here shown to the readers of ST. NICHOLAS.

There are other cases of this vegetable retaliation, but none so curious as this of the bulrush

caterpillar. The larva of the May beetle is attacked by a fungus which grows out of the sides of its head; but while this growth destroys the life of the larva, it does not change the larva into a vegetable substance.

A near relation of the murdered caterpillar is the larva of the New Zealand swift moth, upon whose tapering head sometimes appears a similar growth, which feeds upon the life-blood of the caterpillar, until it dies from exhaustion.

A very curious sight must be one of these heavily-burdened crawlers moving along with the banner that announces its doom solemnly floating above it. For, when the young caterpillar bears this growth upon its head, it heralds the slow but certain death of the overloaded insect.



LARVA OF THE NEW ZEALAND SWIFT MOTH.

A transformation as curious, perhaps, in an opposite direction, is that of the insect *Drilus*, which, in its larva state, lives upon the snail—animal life drawn from animal, instead of vegetable, substance. This beetle larva with its sucker-like feet attaches itself to the shell of the snail, watches its opportunity, and slips inside. It lives upon the snail (sometimes using three snails before changing to the chrysalis state), and then, after it has finished its last meal, it closes the door of the last shell and sleeps into its winged life. If insects think us cruel

in putting out their little lives rather roughly; or if they complain that sometimes revengeful seeds change them into miniature "caterpillars of salt," as it were!

Just let them study how they treat each other,
And learn more tenderness each for his brother;
How innocent the small ant-lion,—sleeping
Beneath his pit of sand, while slowly creeping

Upon its edge a little ant comes near him,—
Then quickly, ere the ant has time to fear him,
Seizes his prey (the small deceitful sinner!)
With no compunction, for his stolen dinner!

The dragon-fly, in gauzy lace, and airy,
Sailing about like some delightful fairy,

Cares he what beauties butterflies embellish?
He darts upon, and eats them with a relish!

In spite of all, if cruel still they style us,
Just let them think upon the thieving *Erdus*,
Who holds back in very fond of riding,
And also into neighbors' homes of gliding.

And takes his meals without thanks to the donor,
Sleeps in his house and lives upon its owner.
Three rides he takes, three little homes up-breaking;
Of three poor snails three travelling-pantries making.

A fortnight lives in each, the third one keeping
Quite to himself, at last; and soundly sleeping,
Waits for his change—new life in some fair garden;
But quite too late to ask the poor snail's pardon!

A LESSON IN NATURAL HISTORY.

BY MARGARET JOHNSON.

"I SUPPOSE you think you know me, child," said he,
"But things are seldom what they seem to be,
And your ignorance I can not but lament.

I can give some information
For your mental cultivation,
If you listen with a mind intelligent."

"O, thank you, sir!" she said in tones polite,
Though her teeth they chattered audibly with
fright.

"Then give me your attention," he began,
"And please do not grow fidgety—
My family is *Strigida*,
And *Symium Cinereum* my clan.

"My customs, I may say, are quite nocturnal,
Though my cousins, the *Nyctes*, are diurnal
(They are dear but distant relatives of mine).

My habits are carnivorous
And sometimes insectivorous,
To rodents I especially incline.

"My eyes *are* rather luminous, I own,"

He continued in a meditative tone,

"But if it would oblige you, I could wink.
My pupils are dilating,
But the lids are nictitating,
Which enables me to give my noted blink.

"I grieve to say that persons superstitious
Abuse me in a manner most malicious,
But you—regard me not with careless eyes!

Let me ask you to observe a
Final fact—that to Minerva
I am sacred,—and I'm counted very wise."

"I thank you very kindly, sir," said she,
"But all your Latin words are Greek to me;
Don't think me rude—you *are* a learned
fowl,

And I much admire your feathers,
So suited to all weathers;
But—excuse me!—are you not our common
owl?"



THE LETTER-BOX.

COLUMBUS, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I received the January number of your splendid magazine to-day, and have just finished reading "A Christmas Conspiracy," and I think that all of us could profit by it by taking our gift money, no matter how little we may have, and spending a part of it for some one poorer than ourselves. I have enjoyed "Lord Fauntleroy" so much, and was very glad when he came out so nicely after all his troubles. I thought I would write to you last month, but have been very busy dressing dolls for my three small sisters, as Mamma is an invalid, and was not able to attend to it this year. I am deeply interested in "Prince Fairyfoot," as is also my sister next younger than myself. Papa is an editor, and we have a large number of magazines and papers, but ST. NICHOLAS is mine, as I chose it, and I am well satisfied with my choice, as I like it better than any of the other papers or books. I remain

Your sincere friend and admirer, A. B. J.—

MEDFORD, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl eight years old, and live in one of the oldest towns in the United States, in the Craddock house. At the time of the Revolutionary war it was used as a fort. I have no brothers or sisters, or even cousins, being the only grandchild. I have taken you for a year and am always glad when I see you coming in at the door.

EDNA J. M.—

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have had such fun in my holidays coasting, skating, and tobogganing on a friend's slide, but I have not yet acquired the art of snowshoeing.

I go to the Wellesley Public School, and was promoted at the Christmas examination to the Senior Fourth Book. Though I live in Canada, I am still one of Uncle Sam's boys, or "Yankees," as the "Canucks" call me. I came from New York City when I was eleven, and have been here three years; but I hope to see it again soon.

Hoping that dear old ST. NICHOLAS will continue to bring as much happiness to others as to me,

I remain, affectionately, HERBERT M.—

IONIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I earned money to take ST. NICHOLAS by husking corn. I am eleven years old.

Yours truly, LAWRENCE W.—

WINTON PLACE, O.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am very fond of your stories, and I want to write and tell you so. I have been taking you for years, and enjoy you better every time I get you. I enjoyed "Little Lord Fauntleroy" very much, and I just love "Juan and Juanita," and think "The Story of Prince Fairyfoot" very interesting. I am twelve years old.

Your faithful reader, A. B. H.—

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a boy ten years old. I was born on the 4th of July, 1876. Papa brings me your splendid magazine every month. I am very much interested in your story named "Juan and Juanita." I can hardly wait for the next number to come out. I can not write any more, so good-bye.

COURTNEY H.—

WALTHAM, MASS.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a new subscriber to ST. NICHOLAS. I like "Juan and Juanita" the best of all the stories, and "Brownies" next. I am eight years old. I am interested in the planets. I am up every morning at twenty minutes past five and can see several of them.

JOSEPH B. E.—

HARTFORD, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It is storming so hard I can't go out; so, as I've nothing to do, I'll write to you. But the next thing is

to think of something to say. I think that the ST. NICHOLAS is the best magazine ever printed. We have taken you fifteen years, I like "The Story of Prince Fairyfoot" about the best of all. I was eleven years old last September. Last year, the year of 1886, I wrote a letter to you, and it was not printed; so I think it was not good enough to print, for none of mine have ever been printed. I think if I write much more, it will be too long to be printed. I remain

Your constant reader, FRED B. W.—

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am four years old, and can not write; so I am telling my big sister what to say to you. I have three kittens and one big dog, which runs after me and pulls me down when I am eating anything he wants. I have a pony and a cunning little dog-cart, and I take a long drive with my nurse every morning. I have a little baby sister, but I don't like her, for she cries most all the time, and then I can't help slapping her, and then nurse slaps me; so I don't like her one bit. They are going to call her Elizabeth Eleanor, and I don't like that either, for it's too hard to say. Good-bye.

Yours lovingly,

DONALD A. E.—

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been receiving your paper for three years, and I always have been charmed with your pretty stories. I take much interest in the Brownies, and especially in the duds. I like the story of "Juan and Juanita" very much, and I may say that I am named just like the poor mother. I remain,

Your faithful reader, ANITA C.—

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I read two letters in your November issue,—"Budd's Idea of the Revolution of the Earth," and "The Value of Observation,"—both about two clever little boys.

Here is another story of a small boy only five years old. His mother found him one night at the window, and looking outside so intently that his little nose was all flattened against the pane.

"What are you looking at, Bertie?" said she. "It is so dark out there that I can see nothing. Come and stay with me by the fire." Bertie was evidently much interested in something, for he did not stir.

"What are you looking at, Bertie?" asked his mother a second time, a little later.

At last he answered: "I want to see God hang up the moon."

Your constant friend and reader, NETTIE M. T.—

ARIZONA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little army girl, and, as I have never seen a letter from Arizona, I thought I would write one.

First, I want to tell you that I see eight or nine Chinamen every day, which, I think, is rather unusual up North. I have not seen snow (except at the distance) for nearly two years, and have not been on the cars for about the same time; but Papa says some little children have not been on the cars for ten years.

I thought "Little Lord Fauntleroy" was a lovely story; and I find "Juan and Juanita" very interesting so far. Last year we were troubled with hostile Indians, but they were captured and sent to Florida. I guess by this time you think I am never going to stop; but I am.

Your devoted reader,

DAISY M. B.—

CRAIGLEIGH, TORONTO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Not very long ago I sent a letter to you; at least I thought I did. I looked in all the books for about three months for my letter. I was at last quite angry, and I said, "Father, now I believe it is still in your pocket," and Father told me I might look, but I did not.

The next morning Father brought it out of his pocket, so old look-

ing, you would almost tear it, if you handled it. I was just ten the twelfth of last July. One of your little readers,

ELLIE P. O—,

MUNICH, BAVARIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am eight years old and my little brother is five. We live in Munich this winter, and we want to write you a letter on St. Nicholas Eve, because it was in our ST. NICHOLAS that we read about keeping this holiday. Last year Mamma put a present in our shoes, and we expect to find something to-morrow. We love our ST. NICHOLAS better than all our other books. We have seen the King's horses and carriages, all velvet, fur, and gold. We have seen many long processions with music, but the King's funeral was the longest of all. We saw the Schaffers' dance and the fluthers' leap last winter.

ST. NICHOLAS DAY, DEC. 6.

Yes, we did have a present, dear ST. NICHOLAS, in our shoes last night. I had a little inkstand, and Malcolm had a little box of pictures to paint. Good-bye. From your affectionate friends,

ROSAMOND AND MALCOLM L—,

NORFOLK, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In last month's number of your nicest of magazines, I noticed a letter signed "Subscriber," criticising your article "Keeping the Cream of One's Reading."

I should like to tell him (or her) that I find it useful and convenient to carry on both methods suggested.

While I never scruple to mark my books, I copy short and striking passages, bits of verse, and many things that I may want to use quickly, without having to search through a large book.

I am studying English literature, and constantly copy scraps of the author I am reading into my quotation book.

My latest hobby is a quotation book of descriptions of historical characters, by famous authors. I can get passages from borrowed books, and thus will probably, in the course of a few years, have a collection of quotations that I would otherwise have to ransack a library for.

Yours, in all admiration,

GEORGINE K—,

ELIZABETH, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been studying chemistry for three years, and I have a small laboratory. Last winter I went to the barn and found that a bottle of sulphate of zinc in solution, which I had left there over night, was frozen and had pushed up a slender column of ice two or three inches above the mouth of the bottle. I saw an account of a similar instance in the "Scientific American" soon after.

Now, I have seen a still more curious formation. I was trying experiments in fermentation, and I filled a bottle with a solution of yeast and molasses. To-day it has frozen, and I send you a sketch of the remarkable shape it took. The ice is of a beautiful light-yellow color. The cork, being loose, was pushed up on the very top of the column. The length of the column is about three and one-half inches.

We have been subscribers to ST. NICHOLAS—or have bought it—since the beginning of 1877, and are among your most loyal friends. I think if you could see the many invalids, country children longing for books, and friends away from home in the summer time, that have pored over our copies, you would realize what good service ST. NICHOLAS has done for us.

JAMES MASON K—,

M. N. M.—If you will send your name and address, your question will be answered by post.



MORRISTOWN, N. J.

DEAR OLD ST. NICHOLAS: Just think, I am eighteen years old, and stricken down with that dreadful disease, the mumps! To think of lying here, with my cheeks swollen like two puff-balls, and my neck so stiff that if I move it ever so little I am racked with pain, to be waited on like a baby who has n't even learned how to walk! All I do is to think, till it seems as if I had thought of everything that could be thought about, everything I ever saw, every book I ever read, every picture in the ST. NICHOLAS for December, how Juan and Juanita felt when they were being carried off by the Indians; how the man and his wife felt in "A Fortunate Opening," when they returned to the big ship, and knew that it would sink when the next storm came up; and, in fact, I have grown so weary of thinking, that I am willing to bear a little pain just to do something with my hands. So I thought I would write to you.

Your affectionate friend,

LULU D. W—,

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have something quite wonderful to tell your readers. I live in Minneapolis, Minn., and we have a very high electric-light mast. I think it is the highest in the world. When they were putting in the engine, a man got hold of a wrong rope, which ran over a wheel at the top of the mast, and had a heavy weight on the other end of it; and the weight slipped off a beam and pulled the man to the top of the mast in about one second. The man was knocked off the rope, and fell a little way down, but he caught himself, and was not injured.

I have taken you for five years, and like you very much.

Your constant reader, WILLIE B—.

TOWER LODGE, WIMBLEDON, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: One of my kind uncles (he is my godpapa) has taken you for me for about three years; and, as I like you so much, I want to tell you of a very strange thing that has just happened. My papa is having some rooms in our house made larger, and after some plaster was put on the wall inside, we noticed a piece of it swelled up, just like a person with a face-ache, and two or three days after, the piece of plaster fell off, and there, in the hole, was a French bean growing; it is so firmly fixed in that we can not move it. Don't you think this is very funny? I like reading the letters the little children send you, and I think, perhaps, they might like to read this.

From your loving little friend, HILDA MAUDE L—.

P. S.—I can not write very well, because I am only eight years old.

HERIOT HILL HOUSE, EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My brother Herbert and I have a scramble every month to get you first. Herbert is thirteen, I am eleven.

I am to have a history examination at school in a fortnight, just about William Rufus and his father and Edgar Atheling and those times, and it is all ever so much more interesting to me after reading "Edith of Scotland," in November number, 1886.

Papa has been on haciendas in Texas and Mexico, and tells us that "Juan and Juanita" is sure to be a fine story, and that everything is correctly described in it.

I remain your loving little friend, S. EDITH S—.

SALTVILLE, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am eight years old. I love dearly to read what Jack has to say every month. I live in Saltville, where they make salt. The snow is three feet deep, and it looks like the salt we make at our furnaces. I wish all your little boys and girls could see how salt is made here.

MARGARET H. D—.

CLINTON, LOUISIANA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have seen so many nice letters in your magazine, until I thought I would send a short letter just to tell you what a comfort you are to me, and I want you to know that I love you.

All the children tell about their pets, and, though I have a great many, I will only tell about my horse and dog. My horse is named St. Claire, and my dog is called "The Don"; we call him Don all the time, and he knows his name as well as a boy. He is a shepherd dog, and very intelligent.

I live in the country, and saddle my own horse, and when Don sees me get my bridle he jumps up and runs ahead, barking all the time with joy. But pony is better even than doggie, and I am never so happy as when galloping "over the hills and far away."

I have, or rather we have, taken you ever since you commenced, and I would n't give you up for anything.

I have a little cousin living with me now; his name is Frank, and

nothing pleases him better than for me or Grandma to read your stories to him. He likes the "Brownies," and always finds the funny little dude. This letter is too long now, so good-bye. From your reader,
DIMPLE K—

ASBURY PARK, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We, like many others, think there is no magazine like yours; and should the month pass without bringing us our number, we would feel lost. Each one of us tries to get the first look at it. We have taken you nearly twelve years, and, as I am only twelve, you can see that I have been used to it all my life. Some of your readers may like to hear how we spend our winters at the seaside. We enjoy it more than summer. For several weeks we have had a great deal of sport on Deal Lake shooting ducks. We were out gunning, the other day, and Papa shot some quail; one was only winged. It is living, and is as lively as a cricket; it is getting so tame it sits in its box, and whistles. My favorite sport in winter is ice-boating. Our ice-boat has a lateen-sail, and goes so fast you would think you were flying. Saturday the ice-boating was grand; Deal Lake, Sunset, and Wesley are all frozen, and are fine for ice-boating or skating; so you see we have a good deal of sport in winter. We have a pointer dog; he is stone blind, but he is very good for gunning. One day, when we were going across a bridge, he fell right off into the lake.

I hope St. NICHOLAS will excuse all mistakes, and believe me a warm friend.

WILLIE D. P—

THE publication of the present number of ST. NICHOLAS in advance of the regular date of issue has made it impracticable to print, this month, the report concerning the King's Move Puzzle, which appeared in the Riddle-Box of the January number. The report will be published in the April ST. NICHOLAS.

We wish to express our thanks for the pleasant letters we have received from the young friends whose names are given herewith: Clinton, G. P. W., Ruth J. H., E. H. Pope, Robert W. P., Jr., K. M. Cathcart, "Morag," Wallace L. Durant, Rosa L. C., Clara Estabrook, Mabel G., Edgar H., Faye Dunkle, Mamie S. Wilson, Katie H., Fannie Michel, K. E. N., Grace S., Alice R., May Hartley, Annie May Wallace, Amy F. Dart, F. H. M., Frank A. B., Josephine Sewall, C. E. C., Eta H., Clara Louise R., Marion C., Henrietta D., Mabel D., Louise Linder, Celia Loeb, Laura Cook, Maude McAllister, L. Marx, Dottie Russell, Meta Warburton, Judith Verplanck, Cora S. Harrison, Daisy May G., Pearl, Lottie F. R., Beatrice Dyer, Marian Murray, Marian Tooker, Abie Hooley, Ellen A. and Susy B., Grace Stevenson, James A. D., Ada Matthias, Charles Rosa G., Belle Rogers, Muriel, Philip R. B., Harry G., Julian C. Verplanck, Mary G. W., Alice B., Henry H. K., Winifred Lawrence, Pearl Gleason, S. R. P., Mabel H. Chase, Georgia Richmond.



THE FATE OF A ROLLER SKATER.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.

PROGRESSIVE ENIGMA. Washington. Cross-words: 1. G. Monument. Central letters, Gettysburg. 2. gEt. 3. aTe. 4. eTc. 5. eYe. 6. aSk. 7. aBe. 8. eqUip. 9. paRty. 10. misGive.

BEHEADINGS. I. Charleston. 2. C-rush. 3. H-asap. 4. A-gate. 5. R-ice. 6. E-bony. 7. S-wing. 8. T-race. 9. O-bey. 10. N-umber. II. Madison. 1. Mart. 2. A-bet. 3. D-ash. 4. l-cob. 5. S-how. 6. O-men. 7. N-ice.

HOOR-GLASS. I. Tarnish. Cross-words: 1. Station. 2. Stamp. 3. Fry. 4. N. 5. Pin. 6. Taste. 7. Rushing. II. Support. Cross-words: 1. Bluster. 2. Tough. 3. Ape. 4. P. 5. Row. 6. Array. 7. Wistful.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Napoleon; finals, Waterloo. Cross-words: 1. Narrow. 2. Alpaca. 3. Patent. 4. Opaque. 5. Linger. 6. Espial. 7. Oport. 8. Nuncio. A FLIGHT OF STAIRS. Guacharo. Woo, orb, ban, aha, act, tar, rue, egg.

ZIGZAG. George Washington. Cross-words: 1. Give. 2. bEat. 3. fOG. 4. secR. 5. toGa. 6. tErm. 7. Wane. 8. pArt. 9. paSa. 10. ricH. 11. trIm. 12. sNug. 13. Grip. 14. sTop. 15. prOp. 16. spIN.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: In sending answers to puzzles, sign only your initials or use a short assumed name; but if you send a complete list of answers, you may sign your full name. Answers should be addressed to St. Nicholas "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 20, from Paul Reese—Maud E. Palmer—Sandyside—Maggie T. Turrill—Russell Davis—Nellie and Reggie—Beth—Birdie Koehler—Mamma and Fanny—F. W. Islip—"Spoonendyke"—Mary Ludlow.

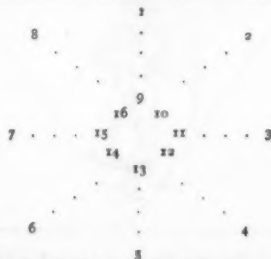
ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 20, from A. J. N. G., 1—Boz, 1—Tad, 2—C. M. Knight, 2—Bebé, 1—Nina T., 3—Eddie B., 1—"Colonel," 1—T. C. S., 1—Wm. D. Keep, 2—R. Chapman, Jr., 1—W. K. C., 2—Annadora Baer, 1—May Granger, 1—Gus and Marie S., 1—R. Hoffman, Jr., 1—M. D. B., 2—"Block and Chip," 4—H. A. W., 1—Mignon, 3—H. H. K., Jr., 1—M. L. Masters, 1—U. S. and Co., 3—Justus Holme, 1—W. P. B., 1—A. F., 2—L. C. B., 1—"Lock and Key," 1—Lucy Lee Brookes, 3—M. H. E., 3—George Seymour, 2—"Yum Yum," 1—W. X. Y. Z., 1—Coma, 1—Louise A. Hofmann, 1—Papa and Karl Webb, 10—"Sally Lunn" and "Johnny Cake," 8—"V. U. L. Can," 2—"Wamba," 1—"Carl," 1—Susie M., 1—Faith, Hope, and Charity, 3—Daisy Colton, 1—M. Blake, 1—S. and B. Rhodes, 1—Effie K. Talboys, 8—Jew, 2—R. A. Bartley, 1—T. S., 1—"Pop and I," 1—Blithedale, 1—Irène M., 1—"Livy," 1—Adele F. F. Lockwood, 1—Lizzie W., 5—"Clito," 1—W. H. P., 1—"The P's and K's," 4—Dick and Kitley, 4—"The Stewart Browns," 6—Professor and Co., 10—Jamie and Mamma, 11—Bricktop, 1—R. V. O., 6—"Diana Vernon," 3—"Nan Dell," 3—"Buffalo Will," 4—Sammy Cotton, 2—Martha Nicholson, 2—Essie C. Adams, 2—Ethel Tebault, 2—Lilian Tebault, 2—Andrew Moody, 2—Charles T. Land, 2—Herbert Davis, 2—Blanche Rolland, 2—Eda Beck, 2—Lily Alt, 2—Essie A., 2—Cary Whitehurst, 2—Grace Bolter, 2—Rosa V. Blossom, 2—Mister Y., 2—Elsie Clark, 1—A. F. Lockwood, 1—Colonel and Reg, 5—Two Cousins, 9—M. Williams, 2—Dash, 11—"Ben Zeene," 6—"Cle," 5—Jo and I, 11—B. G., 2—Grace L. Dunham, 1—J. J., 7—A. L. L., 2—Arthur G. Lewis, 7—"May and 79," 6—M. G. F. and M. L. G., 8—M. P. Farr, 2—Original Puzzle Club, 6—Jock and Sandy, 3—Alona, 4—V. S. G., 3.

A PENTAGON.



ACROSS: 1. In the Riddle-box. 2. A household deity among the Romans. 3. An Egyptian aquatic plant. 4. A network of slats or rods. 5. Demolished. 6. Place of occurrence. 7. A delightful region. This reads the same up and down as across. "L. LOS REGNI"

RIMLESS WHEELS AND HUBS.



I. From 1 to 9, gayety; from 2 to 10, a country in Asia; from 3 to 11, a runner; from 4 to 12, defensive arms; from 5 to 13, a script.

ural name which occurs in I. Chronicles, vi. 5; from 6 to 14, water-pitchers; from 7 to 15, a famous French astronomer; from 8 to 16, confederation.

Perimeter of wheel (from 1 to 8), the name of a distinguished French statesman and orator who was born March 9, 1749. Hub of wheel, (from 9 to 16) the name of a distinguished American statesman who was born on March 9, 1773.

II. From 1 to 9, a mountain mentioned in the Bible; from 2 to 10, a feminine name; from 3 to 11, a wanderer; from 4 to 12, a low dwarf tree; from 3 to 13, a punctuation point; from 6 to 14, a native inhabitant of Hindostan; from 7 to 15, uniform; from 8 to 16, of a lead color.

Perimeter of wheel, the name of a distinguished astronomer. Hub of wheel, the name of an English authoress who died on March 9, 1895.

CYRIL DEANE.

HOOR-GLASS.

READING ACROSS: 1. Parsons. 2. The human race. 3. On every dinner-table. 4. A poem. 5. In hour-glass. 6. A feminine name. 7. A beverage. 8. A scamp. 9. Speaking indistinctly.

The central letters, reading downward, spell a word which means to run away with precipitation.

AGGIE M. D.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in cabbage, but not in plum;
My second in hautboy, but not in drum;
My third is in hammock, but not in swing;
My fourth is in March-wind, but not in spring.
My whole is a man of world-wide fame,—
It has but four letters, pray tell me his name.

DIAMOND.

1. In diamonds. 2. A Spanish coin formerly current in Ireland. 3. Narrow roads. 4. A large artery. 5. Unvaried tones. 6. To indicate. 7. A geometrical term. 8. A haunt. 9. In diamonds. "DON ALVAREZ."



I AM composed of one hundred and fifty letters, and am a familiar stanza of four lines. The Latin quotation embodies the same idea.

My 124-60-32-88 is a measure. My 52-106-138-12-25 is a sea-going vessel used only for pleasure trips. My 10-143-44-5-102-27 is cut. My 132-39-147-82-36-117-63-90-93-72 is healthy. My 79-130-114-74-90-28-141-66-129-3 is a note to help the memory. My 69-86-135-96-146-46-128 is to restrain. My 47-85-111-56-122-104 is a very small amount. My 78-108-126-67-139-30 is a poetical word meaning a prayer. My 62-17-35 is a marsh. My 77-15-89-98-8-121-137-112 is very clean. My 34-84-51-70-49-38 is to decide. My 19-91-18-4 is a prong. My 87-7-115-80-38-140-127 is joyous. My 43-149-68-27 is a mournful cry. My 31-92-133-83-71-145-2-119-11 is pleasant to the taste. My 35-142-37-64-23 is to scatter. My 134-13-95-136-110-101 is to starve. My 40-129-75-42 is a groove. My 61-9-100-20-33-150-53-24-105 is a Jewish council. My 131-59-21-45-123-57-120 is superficial. My 65-148-73-29-94 is an Egyptian plant similar to the water-lily. My 1-26-113-16-76-107 is of poor quality. My 116-118-14-44-48 is a heavenly body. My 41-109-81-50-103-6-22-144 is hardhood.

ZIGZAG PROVERB.

1 . . . 5 6 . . . 10 11 . . . 15
 . . . 2 4 . . . 7 9 . . . 12 14 . .
 . . . 3 . . . 8 . . . 13 . .
 . . . 2 4 . . . 7 9 . . . 12 14 . .
 1 . . . 5 6 . . . 10 11 . . . 15

The letters represented by the figures from 1 to 15, beginning at the upper left-hand corner, spell a familiar maxim. The letters from 1 to 15, beginning at the lower left-hand corner, spell what the maxim should be. The whole was quoted in a famous speech by Abraham Lincoln.

CROSS-WORDS (reading downward): 1. A moving power. 2. Conclusion. 3. A stake. 4. A feminine pronoun followed by a masculine pronoun. 5. To reproach. 6. A proverb. 7. Deadly. 8. An Oriental begging monk. 9. A hand-to-hand fight. 10. An opening. 11. Rhubarb. 12. One who imitates. 13. A spectre. 14. The same as number 4. 15. Implied, but not expressed.

BURIED BIRDS.

(Two birds are concealed in each sentence.)

1. We saw, on our tour, a company of gypsies wandering about.
2. Ned caught a rat in a mouse-trap—in tail first it was, too!
3. She began nettling me, else we wouldn't have had a word.
4. Yes, he is a very sharp young fellow, and very smart in his way.
5. It is seldom a visitor uses such awkward expressions.
6. Mr. Jones will not rebuild his wall, owing to the high rate allowed masons.

WORD-SQUARE.

I. 1. To devastate. 2. A stage-player. 3. A gem. 4. A medicine. 5. Upright.

II. 1. To bite into small pieces. 2. Caprice. 3. To entertain. 4. A famous law-giver. 5. To urge.

BROKEN WORDS.

EXAMPLE: Separate things furnished as food, and make a small draught and works at closely. Answer, Sup-plics.

1. Separate moved in regular order, and make a month and a masculine nickname.
2. Separate the sail of a windmill, and make currents of air and to be sick.
3. Separate instruments used in old-fashioned fire-places, and make a conjunction and smoothes.
4. Separate a name for the hawthorn, and make a month and to flower.
5. Separate several, and make a heavenly body and arid.
6. Separate the middle name of a famous novelist and make to fashion and tranquility.
7. Separate a certain kind of line, and make garments and a slender cord.
8. Separate bleached, and make pure and a masculine nickname.
9. Separate a musical term meaning rather slow, and make a conjunction and a prefix meaning "before."
- 10.

Separate a town in England, and make female servants and sound.

11. Separate codfish cured in a particular manner, and make of a dark color and to angle.

The first parts of the words separated will, when read in connection, form an old-fashioned adage of two lines, relative to two of the months.

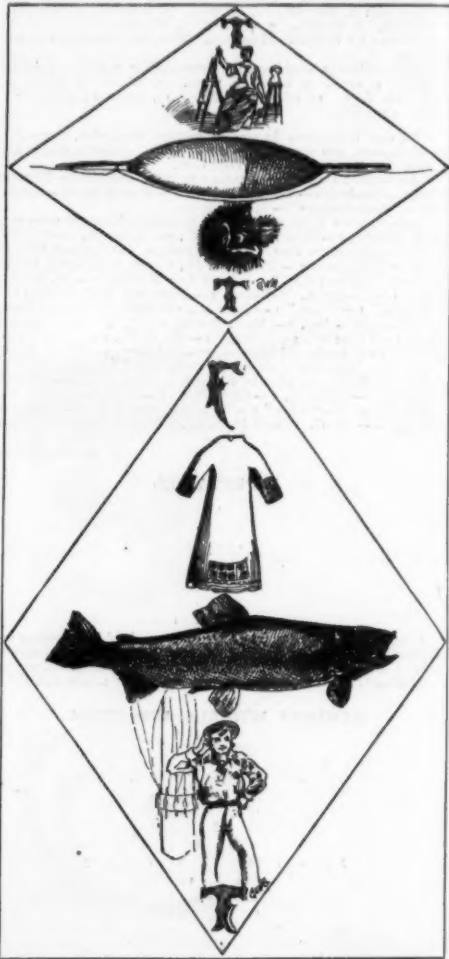
FRANK SNELLING.

EASY RHOMBOID.



ACROSS: 1. A fowl. 2. Part of a wheel. 3. Unfurnished. 4. A chicken. DOWNWARD: 1. In rhomboid. 2. A prefix meaning twice. 3. A mariner. 4. A young fowl. 5. Rage. 6. A familiar prefix. 7. In rhomboid.

DOUBLE DIAMOND.



FROM the ten objects here shown, construct a "double diamond"; which is one that will read differently across and up and down. The two central words are shown by the two largest objects.

2
a.



"THE MONKEYS WERE SENT INTO THE TREES TO GATHER THE FRUIT."

(SEE PAGE 424.)